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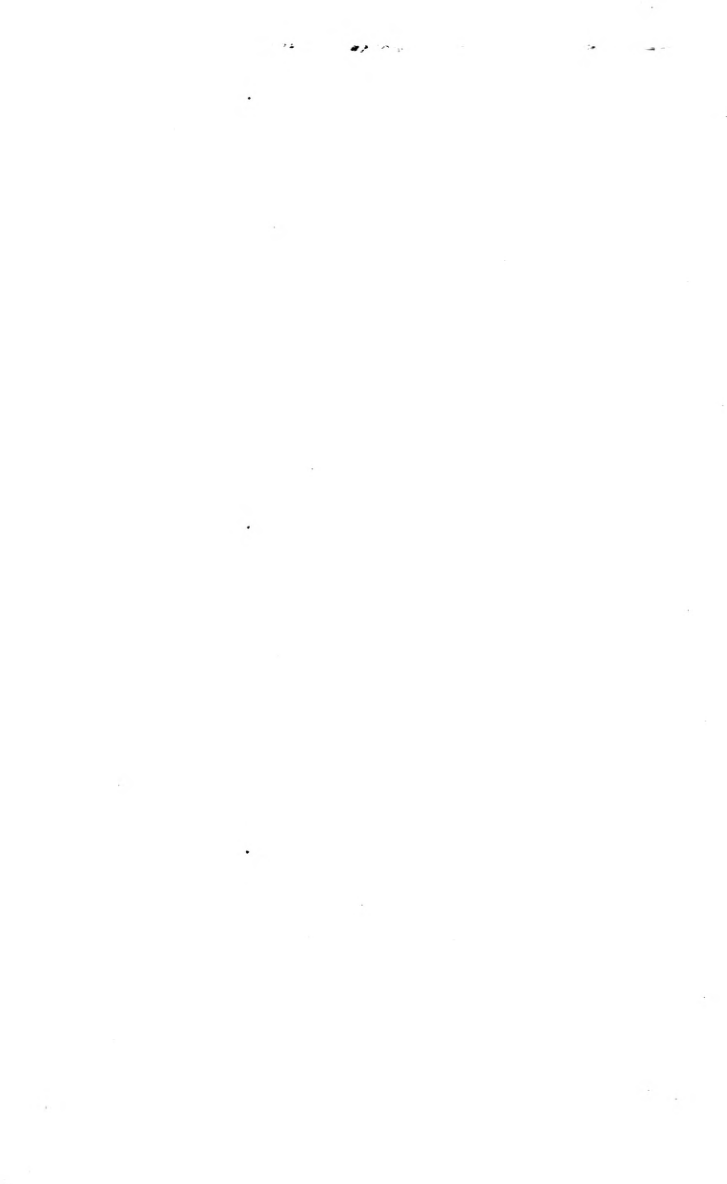
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KESWICK
AND ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD

California
Regional
Facility





KESWICK

And its Neighbourhood.



HEAD OF DEWEY WATER

KESWICK AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD :

A

H A N D - B O O K

FOR THE USE OF VISITORS,

TO ALL THE SCENERY, NOOKS, AND CORNERS
OF THE DISTRICT :

With a Unique Map,

SHEWING THE CARRIAGE ROADS, USUAL SAILING ROUTE
ROUND THE LAKE, AND THE FOOT-PATHS
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

A N D F R O N T I S P I E C E .

WINDERMERE: GARNETT.

LONDON: WHITTAKER AND CO.

1852.

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CHAPTER I.

Keswick.

* * * * Small, but then it matters not;
At this we ought not to repine, for 'twas its lot.
The site was much against its being bigger—for the hills
Encircled it like walls; besides, some pencil mills,
And other petty mills, were all that it could claim
To give it that which could ensure it pomp and fame;
And then 'twas last in fashion—every thing—the gas
Had been laid down short time ago—a railroad-pass
Was deemed impossible—so that, in short, more rural spot
Could scarce be found from Cornwall to the John O'Groat.

KESWICK has long been justly considered, at once, both the centre and the metropolis of the English LAKE DISTRICT. From this place, as a principal station, the surrounding regions may be conveniently 'gauged' in all directions, and the northern and chief portion of our Lake-land thus visited in a series of pleasing Excursions. The summits, too, of the three highest ranges of our English Mountains—Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Scawfell—comparatively easy of access, and commanding on all sides extensive and magnificent prospects, are within a few hours reach, rendering this a favourable station whence a mountain ascent may be undertaken. Valleys, in many respects of an Alpine character, Mountain Passes of considerable elevation and great natural sublimity, secluded Dales and deep Glens may be traversed in a day's

journey, while, in the more immediate neighbourhood, scenery of a totally different character—still more rich and pleasing in its contrast—everywhere greets the eye of the traveller. A richly-diversified landscape of mingled woodland and pasture, luxuriant corn-fields and verdant meadow, changing in combination with each successive change of position, and in which, from most points, the pleasant waters of the Lake with its fairy islands form a prominent feature, the whole encircled by the bold and well-defined mountain masses, whose ridges serve as a clear and distinct boundary-line of vision, affords to the lovers of the picturesque, scenes alike pleasing and surprising.

Hence the Tourist who visits this interesting part of our Island for the purpose of making himself more intimately acquainted with the characteristics of its scenery than a hasty perambulation over its principal roads will admit, usually takes up his head-quarters here for a few days at least.

The reader is supposed, then, to be located for this purpose at one of the principal hotels, or some one of the many comfortable lodging-houses with which the town and neighbourhood abound for the accommodation of visitors. It is proposed in this little *HAND-BOOK* to convey such information of a local character as may be deemed likely to interest a stranger, and, by means of the accompanying Map, to conduct him during the morning and evening hours, or at such times as the weather may not permit a longer excursion to be undertaken, to the chief points of interest in the vicinity of the town.

It need scarcely be premised that the reader is not expected in all cases to limit himself to the exact line of route laid down, or to avail himself of the order in which the several Excursions are here observed. The nature of the work obviously demanded some such methodical arrangement as has been observed; the most natural has therefore been adopted.

Each Excursion is supposed to commence at the Town Hall, as forming at once the most conspicuous and convenient

centre. In describing, therefore, the Public Buildings, Institutions of the Town, &c., we begin with this, locally termed

THE MOOT HALL,

which is the property of the Lord of the Manor of Derwent, Reginald Dykes Marshall, Esq. (at present a minor), and forms part of the Derwentwater estate, hereafter to be noticed. The ground-floor of this building is used as a market-house (Saturdays) for butter, eggs, poultry, bread-stuffs, &c. A spacious room overhead serves as a Court-house, in which the weekly petty sessions of the district are held. A Manorial Court, or Court Leet, is also held here annually, in the month of May, for the purpose of receiving fines, adjusting tenements held under the manorship, &c. The bell upon which the clock strikes is of great antiquity, bearing the date 1001, with the letters HDRO. It is said to have originally been the curfew bell, and was brought to this place, together with a considerable portion of the material of the present building, from the seat of the Earl of Derwentwater, formerly situate on the Lord's Island. In this room is exhibited, during the summer months, the well-known *Model of the English Lake District*, constructed, after many years of persevering labour, by the proprietor, J. Flintoft, Esq. Few travellers making the tour of the Lakes omit the inspection of this rare work of art. The visitor will here see before him an accurate delineation of the natural features of the country over which he may have already travelled, or through which he may still be intending to pass, with every object minutely laid down. Whilst the different systems of mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers may be comprehended at a glance, this renders it valuable as a specimen of geographical modelling. The whole is beautifully coloured after nature. We believe that Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, the late Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, himself a native of Cumberland, and most of the eminent *savans* of the day, have, at several times inspected this model, and passed high eulogiums upon its merits.

Near to the Town Hall, but removed from the front street, is the

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL,

Consisting of a large room of somewhat ornamental style of architecture, with offices attached, erected in the summer of 1850, by the St. Herbert's Lodge of Odd-Fellows, of the Manchester Unity. This society, comprising a respectable portion of the inhabitants of the district, numbers about two hundred members, and completed its twenty-first anniversary in May of the present year.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL,

Likewise at some little distance from the front street, is situated in this quarter of the town. It is a plain building, without architectural ornament of any kind. This place of worship is numerously and respectably attended. Service twice every Sabbath, commencing at half-past ten a. m., and six p. m. Rev. J. Chalmers, M. A. minister.

SIR JOHN BANK'S CHARITY HOUSE,

Where are comfortably supported eighteen of the aged and indigent of the parish of Crosthwaite, stands about one hundred and fifty yards to the north of the Town Hall. The founder, Sir John Banks, was a native of Keswick, where he received the rudiments of his education. He subsequently entered Queen's College, Oxford, thence became a student at Gray's Inn, London, received the appointment of Attorney to Prince Charles, and A. D. 1640 was made Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In the above and following years he formed one of the privy councillors assembled round the unfortunate Charles I. at Oxford, where he died during the heat of the civil wars in the year 1644. His remains were interred in the cathedral of that city. By

his will he left two hundred pounds in money, with a yearly rent-charge of thirty pounds out of his lands situate in the parish of Crosthwaite, for the support of the poor. This rent-charge has considerably increased since the time of the donor, and the sum of five hundred pounds has been added to it in the present year out of a private bequest left for charitable purposes. The charity is under the management of life-trustees.

THE POST-OFFICE.

Is situated in part of the conspicuous building known as Crosthwaite's Museum, about two hundred yards to the north of the Town Hall. Mr. J. F. Crosthwaite, postmaster. The delivery of letters, from all parts, takes place once a day between the hours of twelve and one p. m. Letters posted before 1 50 p. m. are despatched south, by way of Windermere, and reach London in time for next morning's delivery. Intermediate stations proportionately. A second despatch, by way of Penrith, takes place at 4 25 p. m. Letters by this mail to London are in time for delivery next afternoon. Those to the north proceed by the same mails as far as Kendal or Penrith, and are thence forwarded by northern mail.

CUMBERLAND UNION BANK.

The Keswick branch of this bank is also kept here. Mr. J. F. Crosthwaite, agent. The London bankers are Messrs. Barclay and Co.; Edinburgh, Commercial Bank of Scotland; and Dublin, the Belfast Banking Company. The hours of business are from ten a. m. to three p. m.

CROSTHWAITE'S MUSEUM.

This museum of natural and historical curiosities and antiquities was founded upwards of seventy years ago

by Mr. Peter Crosthwaite, a native of Keswick. His restless activity and unceasing energy through a life of more than ordinary vicissitude and duration, form a not altogether uninteresting episode in the chapter of local biography. Embarking for India in his twenty-second year, he there entered the service of the Hon. East India Company, was present at the taking of Surat Castle, which happened soon after his arrival, and for his gallant conduct on that occasion received a speedy promotion. For some time subsequently he commanded a vessel fitted out for the protection of ships trading along the coast from the attacks of pirates, at that time very numerous and destructive to the Company's property. Becoming dissatisfied with the usage he met with from those of his present rank, with whom his personal bravery had placed him on an equality, while they had not attained their position without many years of service, he left India with disgust, and on his return to this country obtained a situation in the Customs in Northumberland. This he held for some years, but his health suffering much here he resolved upon settling in his native town, which he did, not much better in circumstances than when he left it. In 1780 he conceived the project of establishing a Museum for the entertainment of visitors to the Lakes, just then becoming more frequented every year. By dint of much labour and perseverance he finally succeeded in collecting a Museum, which still stands unrivalled, as a private collection, in the north of England. His ingenuity increased his resources; these he always spent upon his favourite object. He surveyed eight of the principal lakes, and published maps, with stations for good prospects, roads, soundings, &c., accurately marked out. These went through many editions, and proved a profitable speculation. The Eolian Harp, still sold by his successor at the Museum, a stringed instrument of simple but ingenious construction, much admired for its sweetness of tone, was of his invention. In 1785 he discovered, in the sandbeds of the river Greta, the first set of musical stones ever found. He remembered from a boy that

these stones were possessed of a musical sound, and went for the purpose of procuring a good sounding stone to contrast with bell metal, when, to his delight, he found they sounded one a note above another. He collected two octaves, which are still exhibited in the museum, upon which a variety of tunes can be played. He was the first inventor of the life-boat, but lost the reward due to him in the following manner: Having communicated to a ship-builder at Shields the principle of its construction, and asked his opinion as to whether it would pay him to take a patent, he was discouraged by him, and, relinquishing that plan, submitted a model of his invention to Lord Sandwich, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, who requested him to leave it for the consideration of the board. While his model was lying here unnoticed, a boat-builder in the employ of the ship-builder to whom he had applied, brought out a boat exactly on the principle he had explained to him, and reaped a reward of £1200 from Government. He entered a protest, made two journeys to London, was referred from one government office to another, in search of his model, which, however, was never forthcoming. In the *Star*, London newspaper, of May 1800, an advertisement is contained offering a reward for its recovery. In the same paper appears a list of the advertiser's many curious and useful inventions; models of these are kept in the museum. Of the various classes of objects in the Museum we cannot do more than give a very brief notice. It is rich in ancient British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman antiquities, illustrating the early history of the district; contains a fine collection of Roman and early English coins. Of ancient books, the following are worthy of especial notice:

Book of Psalms, in Latin	Paris, A. D. 1488
Latimer's Sermons	1562
Titi Livii	1548
Statius Aldus & Enet	1502
Locipræ Cipui Theologici	1558
Augustus de Trinitate	1489
Ancient folio Church Bible, black letter	1613

Ancient MS., written exceedingly small, explanatory of the Church Catechism, by C. B. . 1622

The Geology of the Lake District is well portrayed by an excellent collection of geological specimens and fossil remains, including many tropical plants. The Mineralogy of the district is likewise well represented. In Natural History the founder's plan was rather to select good specimens of rare species than collect a whole series, and in this he and his successors admirably succeeded. The founder died in the year 1808, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. Daniel Crosthwaite, who devoted the whole of his life to the same object, and with success. He died in 1847. The Museum is now conducted by his son, who possesses all the qualities requisite to perpetuate and increase the heritage which has obtained so extensive and well-merited a celebrity. No traveller who cares for a country rich in natural curiosities should omit visiting it.

In the area known as Museum Square is also situated the

KESWICK MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

Established February, 1849, consisting of Reading Room, Class Room, and Library. The Reading Room is supplied with the following newspapers and serials:—Times, Illustrated News, John Bull, Liverpool Mercury, Leeds Mercury, Punch, Carlisle Journal, and Cumberland Pacquet; Tait's and Mechanics' Magazines, Household Words, Bleak House, British Controversialist, Chambers' Journal, &c. Provision is made for admitting strangers to the use of the Reading Room by payment of twopence per day, or sixpence per week. The Library contains about 500 volumes, which are allowed to circulate, and includes some new and entertaining works by modern writers.

In this neighbourhood, as well as in the lower end of the town, are some manufactories of woollens, gingham, &c.

During last century the former description of manufacture may be said to have formed the chief staple production of the place. The several processes of carding, spinning, dying, and weaving, were then principally performed by hand labour, forming part of the daily labours of the respective members of most households in the surrounding rural districts, and even down to a comparatively recent period, long subsequent to that which witnessed the gradual development and application of scientific invention to manufacture in other parts of the kingdom, the hand-cards and spinning wheel formed part of the necessary utensils of the farmstead. Keswick was, at that time, the emporium of the woollen trade for Cumberland, and much resorted to at annual fairs and markets, its yarns and cloths forming a considerable item of exportation to the neighbouring towns of this and the adjoining county of Westmorland. Alluding to this staple of manufacture, we remember to have seen a rude distich cut in large clear letters in a flagstone, and originally designed, it may be supposed, for one of these manufactories. When last we saw it, some years ago, it was standing over the entrance to a *Pencil Mill*:

“ May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade ! ”

The woollen trade has considerably declined here in the present century, and it is to be feared that the isolated position in which the recent rearrangement of lines of transit have left Keswick, and the consequent advantages given to other seats of manufacture, by the construction of railroads, is gradually causing a still further decline.

Within the last thirty, but principally during the last twenty, years the manufacture of black lead, and other descriptions of pencils, has made rapid progress in Keswick, and may now be said to constitute its staple production. Up to that period the few pencils in use were made by hand-labour, and were sold at from one shilling to eighteenpence

each. They consisted solely of those used by artists, still manufactured here, and known in the trade as pure Borrowdale lead. The number of hands now employed in the manufacture in Keswick is about one hundred and thirty. At a moderate computation, made from sufficient data, the quantity produced by these workmen annually, and sent out to all parts of the world, cannot be less than ten millions of pencils, which are now sold, we believe, at from one shilling and sixpence per gross and upwards. As may readily be supposed great mechanical skill has been brought to bear upon this extended production. The circular saws, with planes at right angles to each other, performing the twofold operation of cutting out the wood and grooving it ready to receive the lead, twelve hundred of which can be cut out by one man per hour, are made to revolve two thousand times a minute. An inspection of the ingeniously contrived machinery, with the work in its several stages of progress, is courteously granted to strangers, and a visit to one of the first-class Pencil Mills is now generally included during a sojourn in Keswick.

Returning to the Town Hall, and proceeding in a southerly direction, at the upper end of the town stands

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,

A handsome edifice, built at the sole expense of the late John Marshall, Esq., M.P., Leeds, and his family, and completed, in 1839, at a cost of six thousand pounds. This building is in ashlar work, of light pink freestone, from the quarries of Lammonby, near Greystoke. The style is of the early English character, designed by Savin, with a beautiful spire and clock. The district allotted to this church comprises the upper half of the town and adjacent dwellings, containing about thirteen hundred inhabitants. In the interior of the church repose the remains of Mr. Marshall, the founder, who died before the completion of the building; also, in the adjoining burial ground, are laid those of the

late reverend incumbent, Rev. F. Myers, M.A. The Parsonage stands not more than one hundred yards from the church, in a most delightful situation. The present incumbent, the Rev. T. D. H. Battersby, resides here. The morning services commence at half past ten, evening services at half past six o'clock. The attendance is numerous, and the church much frequented by strangers during the summer months. An exceedingly fine panoramic view of the lake and surrounding country is afforded from these grounds. Attached to St. John's Church is an Infant School, with Teacher's Residence. A Sunday School is also held here, in which upwards of one hundred children receive religious instruction.

Opposite the Infant School is the

KESWICK LIBRARY.

A comfortable and commodious Reading Room, opened September 1st., 1849. The newspapers and periodicals received here are the Times, Daily News, Illustrated News, Athenæum, Literary Gazette, Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Record, &c., &c. This Library contains about eighteen hundred volumes, and is continually receiving additions. The books are of choice selection, and kept in a state of good preservation; chiefly modern works, including history, biography, travels, art, science and general literature, with a fair proportion of an educational, doctrinal, and religious character. Two volumes of Sermons and Lectures, delivered by the late incumbent to his parishoners in the church and adjoining school-room, and printed for private distribution, are placed in this Library.

The following extract from the advertisement issued at its commencement, will best explain the nature and objects of this excellent institution:

“ This Library owes its foundation to a bequest by the late Mrs. Marshall, of Hallsteads, to the present Incumbent [the late Mr. Myers] of St. John's, Keswick, to be employed by

him, at his discretion, for the promotion of objects connected with religion and education in Keswick and its neighbourhood. According to a deed bearing date 13th September, 1848, the building in which the Library now is, and all belonging to it, is vested in the Perpetual Curate of St. John's, for the time being, in trust to allow it to be used as a Public Library or place of education, subject to such regulations and conditions as he and his successors shall from time to time declare.

“It is, therefore, now proposed to allow the use of this Library to such of the inhabitants of Keswick and its neighbourhood as may desire it, on condition of their procuring one or other of the undermentioned tickets, and pledging themselves honourably to conform to the regulations from time to time legitimately appointed.

“1st.—Half-yearly tickets, price six shillings, which will entitle their possessor to the use of the room and books every day (except Sundays) from nine in the morning to nine in the evening.

“2nd.—Half-yearly tickets, price three shillings, which entitle their possessor to the use of the room and books (Sundays excepted) every day in the week from six in the morning to nine in the evening.

“3rd.—Tickets, price half-a-crown, which will entitle visitors to the same privileges as those of the possessors of first class tickets, for the space of one month.

“It is wished that it should be distinctly understood that the present scheme of this Library is in a great measure merely experimental. It is an attempt to ascertain what amount there may be of desire for self-culture in this neighbourhood, and then gradually both to stimulate and satisfy it. It has been provided, therefore, as a means of education rather than of mere recreation : as a place for reading specially and not for conversation.

“All the books may be freely used by every one admitted into the Library, but it is forbidden that any books should be taken out of the room.”

By a recent regulation “it is now proposed to extend still

further the advantages of the Library, and to admit a still greater number of persons to a share in its privileges, by allowing a portion of the books to be borrowed by the subscribers for reading at their own homes." Under this arrangement a fourth class of tickets is issued, admitting ladies to all the privileges of the room. Quarterly tickets are also granted to all the classes. The number of volumes permitted to circulate is about five hundred and fifty.

In this neighbourhood has lately been erected a neat little building, designated the HIGH STREET CHAPEL, which is under the ministry of Mr. Dallow. The body which he represents is denominated the 'PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.' Services are held each Sabbath, commencing at a quarter to eleven in the morning, and at half past six in the evening. It is well attended, and has a Sunday School in connection.

INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.

A small building, built in 1803, situate in that part of the town where the road branches off to the lake. Divine service commences at half-past ten o'clock in the morning and seven in the evening, every Sabbath. A Sunday School has been established here under the superintendence of the present minister, Rev. Thomas Davison. The religious body over which he has the charge has been long established in Keswick.

As other Public Institutions and objects of interest, connected with the town and neighbourhood, will be noticed in their respective places, it now only remains to say a few words on the town generally. Keswick, it should be observed, is situate in the Parish of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, forming part of the Ward of Allerdale below Derwent, 293 miles N.W. by N. from London, 20 miles south of Wigton, 13 S.E. by Cockermouth, 16 N.E. by N. of Ambleside, and 18 miles N.W. by W. from Penrith. It forms one of the polling places for the Western Division of the County, and is included in the Third Circuit of County

Court Towns, under the recent act for the recovery of small debts. Various etymologies of its name have been suggested, but the most probable, and, from its purely local character, naturally the most readily entertained by the natives of the district, is the following:—*Kesh*, a local appellative for *Water Hemlock*, and *Wic* or *Wick* (Ang. Sax.), a *Station* or *Village*. Assuming this to be the true derivation, we have *Kes(h)wick*, *The Village by the Sedges*. It may be remarked that this well known plant formerly grew in great abundance in the undrained marshes in the immediate vicinity of the town, and is still locally known as the *Kesh*.

Of the early history of the place, in common with that of all the inner region of the Lake District, very little can be gathered from public records. Secluded from the more accessible and fertile parts of our island, the Lake-land furnishes but few topics of interest to our early historians. Although the extended intercourse of the progressive civilization of later centuries has tended much to obliterate the distinctions of race, the large admixture of Celtic blood still discernible throughout the whole of the district, but, more especially in the secluded dales, together with the prevalence of the ancient British language in its topographical nomenclature, fully bear out history in ascribing to it the character of a place of refuge for the unsubdued Britons retiring before the Saxon and Danish invaders. These, it is probable, remained in a state of comparative rudeness of dress, manners, speech, and mode of livelihood, long after the more open country had felt the influence of the Norman conquest. The strife of civil war, too, and the contests of the nobles with the crown, it is well known were carried on at a distance from this part of the country; hence the almost night-like silence that reigns in the pages of history over the rocky regions of Cumberland, throughout a period during which history was little more than a chronicle of warfare and feuds of bloodshed. Nor, descending to a later period, does it appear that the Scots marauders preferred their

raids through mountain fastnesses, where they were liable at any moment to have been surprised by a fierce foe, who held not out in their undoubtedly scanty possessions the tempting offers of a rich plunder. How long the Parish Church was built before the twelfth century is uncertain. A list of rectors is preserved, dating from about the close of the thirteenth. The mines in the neighbourhood of Keswick were known in the time of Henry III., as appear by the close rolls of that reign. The privilege of a market was procured for the town from Edward I. by Sir John de Derwentwater, Lord of the place. Edward IV. granted a charter for working the mines. In the 2nd of Elizabeth, the mine of Goldscope, in Newlands, was made the subject of a memorable trial between the crown and Thomas Percie, Earl of Northumberland, Lord of the Manor of Derwent Fells. The gold and silver in this vein being proven of more value than the copper and lead, by virtue of the prerogative royal the mine was adjudged to be a royal mine, and the property of the crown; by whom it was carried on under commissioners. These commissioners would appear to have exercised a considerable share of influence in the direction and management of local affairs, during this, and the two succeeding reigns.

Camden found Keswick inhabited by miners. Leland, before him, describes it as "a little poor market-town called Keswike, a mile from St. Hereberte's Isle, that Bede speaketh of." An estimate of the population of the place at this time would have been locally interesting; unfortunately a proximate conclusion can scarcely be arrived at. The number of inhabitants would necessarily fluctuate with the state of mining operations in the neighbourhood, at one period increasing, at others decreasing. Agues and fevers, of a character happily now unknown, arising from the vicinage of extensive swamps and undrained marsh lands, periodically visited and carried off a portion of the inhabitants. This must have rendered the average of human life much lower than in our

own times, notwithstanding the assertions of the aged, by no means seldom to be met with in the district, who lament over the physical degeneracy and fancied decay of their species. The visitation of the plague, too, would appear to have more than once swept away the inhabitants in such numbers, if we can pay any attention to local tradition, that generations must have grown up and passed away before the complement was renewed. The registers of Crosthwaite Church show the number of interments for the year 1623 to have been no less than 258, probably a tenth, or at most, one-twelfth, of the whole population of the parish at that time. It is to be regretted that no registers are to be found for the year of the great plague, 1665, and for a few years about that period.

The average number of interments in the whole parish for the ten years ending 1851, were ninety-one.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, all traffic and communication with neighbouring towns were carried on over pack-horse roads. The state of agriculture, the few mechanical arts, and the general mode of livelihood in the district, were still in a rude and primitive condition, and we may not be far wrong, perhaps, in coming to the conclusion that no substantial progress had yet been made in the amount of its population.

An occasional traveller, tempted by a desire to explore regions hitherto but little known, or, perchance, feeling an interest in their mineral productions, passed through the place; struck with scenes of romantic beauty, in the midst of so much seeming wild seclusion, and with the simple manners of the people, an exaggerated description of all connected with the Lakes and Mountains of Cumberland, would seem to have followed but as a natural consequence. In the Repertory of the period, the Gentleman's Magazine, several such descriptions may be found. In one of the numbers for the year 1751, a writer, whose portraiture of the scenery in the Vale of Keswick, is as marvellously over-

wrought, as his character of the people is unpardonable, says, "the poorer inhabitants of Keswick subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying of those that steal, the black-lead, which they sell to Jews or other hawkers."

Dr. Brown, a native of Cumberland, an author of no inconsiderable repute, and not wanting in poetic genius, published a letter to a friend, in the year 1767, in which ample justice was done to the vale without any of the elaborate hyperbolisms of his predecessors. Two years afterwards, Gray made his celebrated Tour to the Lakes. The result was a series of letters to his friend Dr. Wharton, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying him. "Gray died," says Wordsworth, "soon after his forlorn and melancholy pilgrimage to the Vale of Keswick, and the record left behind him of what he had seen and felt in this journey, excited that pensive interest with which the human mind is ever disposed to listen to the farewell words of a man of genius. The journal of Gray feelingly showed how the gloom of ill health and low spirits, had been irradiated by objects which the author's powers of mind enabled him to describe with distinctness and unaffected simplicity." The publication of these letters led the way to the Lakes. Railroads took the place of horse-tracks and the few old military roads. Tourists flocked to them from all parts of England; wealthy strangers soon began to settle in the district, and the face of the country gradually to assume a more cultivated appearance. So early as the year 1793, the number of visitors at Crosthwaite's Museum, during that season, was no less than 1540. When the succeeding wars had closed the Continent against English travellers, the attention of tourists was more than ever directed to native scenery; the tide turned northwards, and the Lakes obtained a still wider celebrity.

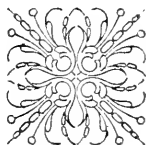
According to the evidence of an intelligent townsman, recently given before a sanitary commissioner, the number of tourists visiting Keswick during a season, was stated to

be on an average of from twelve to fifteen thousand ; nor is there reason to think this too high an estimate.

In 1793 the population of Keswick numbered 1093. The national returns from the commencement of the present century are given below :—

1801	..	1350	1831	..	2159
1811	..	1683	1841	..	2375
1821	...	1901	1851	..	2618

The number of inhabited houses in 1851 was found to be 562.



CHAPTER II.

TOUR I.

'Twas like a dream
Of old Romance, to see her when she plied
Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake ;
The roseate evening resting on the hills,
The Lake returning back the hues of heaven,
Mountains, and vales, and waters all imbued
With beauty and in quietness ; and she,
Nymph-like amid that glorious solitude,
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.

SOUTHEY.

I would sail round the Lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point to the perpetual change of prospect ; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains by turns vanishing or rising into view. Now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful, and now, by a change of situation, assuming new, romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, insensibly losing themselves in the azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade produced by the morning and evening sun, the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre.

From Dr. BROWN's Letter, 1767.

ALMOST the first place to which a stranger directs his steps on his arrival in Keswick is the shore of the far-famed Derwent Water. Crossing the market-place, the road leads past Hutton's Museum and the Independent Chapel ; a few yards beyond the latter a well-kept carriage road leads in a

winding course to the margin of the lake. Crow Park, the smooth green hill passed on the right, was used as a race-course during the middle part of the past half century; horse-racing and athletic games were held on this hill annually for the space of three days, and regatta matches on the lake. Gray, it will be seen, visited, and was charmed with this place as a favourable station for viewing the lake and its accompaniments. "I walked," he says, "to Crow Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose roots still remain in the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained this would have been an unparalleled spot. . . . It commands it (the lake) from end to end, looking full into the rocky chaos of Borrowdale." Again, "In the evening I walked to the side of Crow Park, after sun-set; and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them till they nearly touched the hithermost shore." A handsome cottage residence (Crow Park Cottage) has been erected on the southern extremity, adjoining the road, during the winter of 1850-1, the residence of Mr. John Hudspith, the land-steward of the Derwentwater estate. Cockshot, or Cockshut, Hill, also visited by Gray, is now covered with oak of large growth and a few finely-spreading beeches, and is consequently no longer used as a station, but a pleasant ramble may be enjoyed by crossing the stile and pursuing the road leading round its base.

Passing the motley array of boats moored in the sheltered bay, the footpath through the wicket leads to the rocky promontory of Friar's Crag, whence is had an exceedingly fine view of the lake, the bold and rugged outline of the Borrowdale mountains serving as an admirable back-ground. Friar's Crag is said to have received its name from the monks of Lindisfarn having come down to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. It is now a favourite promenade during the summer months. To the left of this promontory

is a field whence is had, in Southey's opinion, the best near view of the lake. "There it is," he says, "if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus' purse, I would build myself a house."

The tourist will, in all probability, either now, or sometime during his sojourn in the district, take boat and enjoy the rich and varied scenery seen more fully from the bosom of the waters. We shall, therefore, seize this occasion to notice the Islands and other objects of interest connected with the Lake.

VICAR'S ISLAND

Is first passed on its eastern shore. It is supposed to have received its name from having formerly belonged to Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkshire. From this it would seem to have been connected with, and included in the gift of, the parish church of Crosthwaite, to that religious house by Alice de Romely. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted by king Henry VIII. to one John Williamson. Leland mentions it as being in his time "covered with trees like a wilderness." Camden found it inhabited by German miners. When strangers, attracted by the scenery of the Lakes, began to settle in the district, this island appears to have been one of the earliest places occupied as a summer residence. In the latter part of the last century it was made the scene of annual amusements by the then proprietor, the nature of which will be gathered from the following abridged account of the proceedings of the year 1781, which appeared in the *Cumberland Pacquet* of that date:—

"At eight o'clock in the morning, a vast concourse of ladies and gentlemen appeared on the side of Derwent Lake, where a number of marquees were erected for their accommodation. At twelve, such of the company as were invited by Mr. Pocklington passed over in boats to the island which bears his name; and, on their landing, were saluted by a discharge of artillery, which are one nine-pounder and five

four-pounders. This might properly be called the opening of the regatta ; for, as soon as the echo of this discharge had ceased, a signal gun was fired, and five boats, which lay upon their oars (on that part of the water which runs nearest the town of Keswick) instantly pushed off the shore and began the race. A view from any of the attendant boats presented a scene which beggars all description. The sides of the hoary mountains were clad with spectators, and the glassy surface of the lake was variegated with numbers of pleasure barges, which, tricked out in all the gayest colours, and glittering in the rays of the meridian sun, gave a new appearance to the celebrated beauties of this matchless vale.

“The contending boats passed Pocklington’s Island, and rounding St. Herbert’s and Rampsholme, edged down by the outside of Lord’s Island ; describing in the race almost a perfect circle, and, during the greatest part of it, in full view of the company.

“About three o’clock preparations were made for the sham attack on Pocklington’s Island. The fleet (consisting of several barges, armed with small cannon and musquetry) retired out of view, behind Friar’s Crag, to prepare for action, previous to which a flag of truce was sent to the governor, with a summons to surrender on honourable terms. A defiance was returned ; soon after which the fleet was seen advancing with great spirit before the batteries, and instantly forming a curved line, a terrible cannonading began on both sides, accompanied with a dreadful discharge of musquetry. This continued for some time, and being echoed from hill to hill, filled the ear with whatever could produce astonishment and awe. All nature seemed to be in an uproar, which impressed on the awakened imagination the most lively ideas of the ‘war of elements and the crush of worlds.’ After a severe conflict,* the enemies were driven from the attack in

* A grotesque drawing, by Smirke, apparently representing the scene at this moment of attack, is preserved in Crosthwaite’s Museum. The still-remembered faces of several worthies of the place who took an active part in this scene of mimic warfare

great disorder. A *feu-de-joie* was then fired from the fort, and oft repeated by the responsive echoes. The fleet, after a little delay, formed again; and, practising a variety of beautiful manœuvres, renewed the attack. Uproar again sprung up, and the deep-toned echoes of the mountains again joined in solemn chorus; which was heard to the distance of ten leagues leeward through the easterly opening of that vast amphitheatre, as far as Appleby!!! The garrison at last capitulated; and the entertainment on the water being finished (towards the evening), the company moved to Keswick, to which place, from the water's edge, a range of lamps was fixed, very happily disposed, and a number of fire-works displayed off. An assembly-room (which was built for the purpose) next received the ladies and gentlemen, and a dance concluded this annual festivity."

This island subsequently became the property of Lieutenant-General William Peachy, who made it his summer residence until the time of his death, in 1838. He rid the place of its mock garrison and fort, and greatly beautified it with a handsome mansion and trees. After his death part of his family continued to reside here, and did much towards improving and ornamenting it. In 1844 it passed, by private purchase, into the hands of Henry Cowper Marshall, Esq., Leeds, with the house, and furniture, as it then stood. The principal part of the mansion having been destroyed by fire on the night of the 7th November, 1849, it has been recently restored and considerably enlarged, and the grounds laid out in admirable order.

LORD'S ISLAND,

Lying immediately in front of Friar's Crag, and distant not more than one hundred yards from the eastern shore of the

are easily distinguished in this sketch. Mr. Crosthwaite, of the Museum, it should be observed, was invested with the dignified title of Admiral of the Fleet on these occasions.

lake, to which it is said to have been originally connected by an isthmus, is the largest of all the islands, containing an area of about six acres.

It is at present covered with stately trees, tenanted by a numerous rookery. It is so called from having been the residence of the Derwentwater family when they abandoned their strong-hold on the neighbouring hill of Castlerigg. The approach at that time was by a draw-bridge, thrown from the northern extremity of the island to the nearest point of land, known as Strands Hagg.

A crumbled mass of decayed walls near the centre of the island, out of which it would now be difficult to deduce order or plan, marks the site of a building of apparently considerable dimensions. The archery-ground, on the western side, can be more distinctly traced out.

It was from this sweet seclusion that James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater (urged, says local tradition, by the entreaties of his beautiful Countess*) joined the ill-advised

* The family of Derwentwater took their name from having their seat on the banks of the lake of that name. A Sir John de Derwentwater resided here in the reign of Edward I., and the head of the house held the name of Sir John in the reign of Edward III. Margaret, the daughter and heiress of the latter, was married to Sir Nicholas Ratcliffe, of Dilston, Northumberland. The estates of the house of Derwentwater thus came into the possession of the Ratcliffs. Sir Thomas Ratcliffe, (son and representative of Sir Nicholas,) married Margaret, daughter of Sir William Parr, of Kendal Castle, and had issue, six sons. Sir Francis, the sixth in lineal descent from Sir Thomas, was created by James II. Baron of Dilston, Viscount Langley and Ratcliffe, and Earl of Derwentwater, by reason of the marriage of his son, the second Earl, to Lady Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II. James, the third Earl, espoused the daughter of Sir John Webb, Dorsetshire, and left issue, a son and a daughter, the latter born in 1716, after her father's untimely death. The son died in France at the age of nineteen, from injuries received whilst riding on horseback. The daughter was married to Lord Petre in 1732. The widowed Countess died in France at about the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvaine. Charles Ratcliffe, brother of

and ill-fated rising of the supporters of the older Pretender in Northumberland, under Forster, in the year 1715. At Preston, whither the insurgents had arrived on their march upon the Capital, the whole body was surrounded by the king's forces, under generals Willis and Carpenter, and through the cowardice of Forster, their leader, compelled to surrender at discretion, without so much, almost, as striking a single blow in defence. The most conspicuous of the leaders, among whom was the Earl, were immediately marched to London, where they arrived on the 9th December. After suffering numerous indignities at the hands of

the unfortunate Earl, condemned to execution, May 8, 1716, for participating in the rebellion, contrived to effect his escape from Newgate, in company with Forster and some others, and got safe to France. Here, after living in a state of indigence for some time, he attached himself to the fortunes of the Pretender, and subsisted on a pension allowed him by that Prince. In 1724 he married Lady Charlotte Livingstone, Countess of Newburgh, in her own right. He secretly visited England twice, but sought in vain to obtain a pardon. In 1745 he engaged ardently in the cause of the Prince Charles, and was taken prisoner in a French vessel, loaden with arms and amunition, intended for the insurgents in Scotland. After lying a year in confinement, he was brought before the Bar of the King's Bench, his former sentence was read to him, and having raised in vain a curious question of identity, which for a time perplexed the officers of the crown, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, 8th December, 1746, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. On the attainder of the Earl in 1716, the large possessions of the family were confiscated to the Crown, by whom they were held, under trustees, until 1735, when they were bestowed upon Greenwich Hospital by George II. These possessions, which are now said to be of the yearly rental of more than £60,000, are situated in the Counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham. The Cumberland portion was purchased a little more than twenty years ago by the late John Marshall, jun. Esq., Leeds. The Earl of Newburgh, the descendant of Charles Ratcliffe, petitioned parliament for a reversal of the attainder, but he only succeeded in obtaining, as a compensation for some claim he had upon the lands, an annuity of £2500. The last of a long line of ancestry died in 1814.

the populace, as well as at those of the authorities, they were lodged in the Tower. On the re-assembly of the Commons House of Parliament, January 9, 1716, the Earl of Derwentwater was the first to be impeached of high treason. On the 19th, in company with his confederates, he was brought before the House of Lords, assembled as a Court of Justice in Westminster. He there confessed his guilt, and threw himself on the mercy of the king.

His subsequent brief history is feelingly told in the words of a modern historian :—

“ The united interests and earnest supplication of the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton—of the young Countess of Derwentwater, pleading with tears for the husband she tenderly loved—and many other ladies of rank, failed in moving the rough and sturdy king, who admitted them to an audience, but adhered to his purpose, which was the purpose of the majority of his ministers. Bribes, which had succeeded before in like circumstances, were offered now without effect. Sixty thousand pounds were tendered for the single pardon of Lord Derwentwater, who, up to the time of the mad rising in the north, had been living happily and hospitably in his fine old castle, reflected in the clear waters of one of the most beautiful of the English Lakes ; and for whose present hard fate tears were shed and lamentations raised in every valley and on every hill-side in Cumberland. At an early hour on the morning of the 24th February, he and Lord Kenmure were brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill. The English Lord was the first that suffered. He was deadly pale, but his voice was firm, and on the whole he behaved like a man of courage and conscience. He declared that he died a Roman Catholic ; that he deeply repented his plea of guilty at his trial ; and that he knew and acknowledged no king but James III., his rightful and lawful sovereign, ‘ whom he had an inclination to serve from his infancy.’ He further insisted that he had intended wrong to no man, that he harboured malice against no man, not even against those of the present ministry who were instrumen-

tal in his death, that he had intended to serve his country as well as his legitimate king, and to contribute to the restoration of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms.

“At one blow the executioner severed the neck of James Ratcliffe, third and last Earl of Derwentwater, a gallant, courteous young man, perhaps the most interesting victim of this attempted revolution.”

Passing on to BARROW HOUSE, the property of Joseph Pocklington Senhouse, Esq., but at present the residence of S. Z. Langton, Esq., the reader is strongly recommended to visit a beautiful cascade situated in a wood behind the house, to which access is courteously granted on application at the lodge. The fall of water is over two successive ledges of rock, in all 124 feet in perpendicular height, and when viewed from the foot after heavy rains, presents a truly imposing appearance. The top of the fall may be gained by a winding flight of steps, where stands a summer-house, with seats for rest. A fine, but broken view of the surrounding scenery is afforded from this place; indeed, a sweeter place than this house and grounds with accompaniments of cascade, hermitage, and majestic oaks, fancy could not well devise. The imaginations of the poets of a bygone age might here have revelled with delight, peopling each nook and dell with the nymphs and fays of their pastoral song. Doubtless it was from such scenes, only afforded in the Lake District, that a Cumbrian bard of a century ago, but now, like his school of poetry, almost forgotten, drew alike his inspiration and harmonious numbers:—

“The hills are ours and all their rocks
Where Magic’s self might dwell;
Those cataracts, those sunny lakes,
And many a moss-clad dell.
Now all our forests spread their shades,
And woodland warblers sing;
And fairies sport at even-tide
In wild fantastic ring;

Old babbling echo too is here,
To swains in love still nigh,
Disposed to listen to thy plaints,
And answer sigh for sigh ;
And in our springs fair Naiads dwell,
All flushed with health and ease ;
Dryads and Hamadryads too
Frolic around our trees.
Sweet mountain-nymphs, whose coral lips,
And cheeks just dimpling into smile ;
O come and with these mirthful maids
All low-born cares beguile.
O come and we'll be mountaineers,
Or home-spun village swains,
Or with poetic ardour fired
Sing wild incondite strains."

Taking boat again, and rounding Barrow Point, and sailing under Thrang Crag, with its picturesque screes clothed with dwarfed and contracted oaks, land at LODORE. The Lodore Waterfall, celebrated by Southey in dithyrambics, playful and irregular as its waters, it need scarcely be observed, is well worthy a visit at any season, though, like all objects of a similar nature, it is only seen to advantage when the weather is such as few tourists would wish to experience. The stream which descends from the upland Vale or Glen of Watendlath, finds its way down an exceedingly rocky bed between the two towering cliffs of Gowdar Crag on the left, and Shepherd's Crag on the right. In seasons of heavy rain the descending torrent is of considerable volume, broken into a thousand fantastic whirls, and literally "deafening" to a spectator at the foot of the fall. Its roar is distinctly audible at such times below the foot of the lake, a distance of three or four miles. In ordinary seasons the top of the fall may be reached by taking a steep and rugged path on the left, thence crossing the stream to the right, and ascending to a piece of open ground.

On looking back from this place, the scene will amply repay the toil encountered in the arduous ascent. Through

the vista, formed by the walls of rock on each side, are seen Derwentwater, with its islands in beautiful array; the Vale and Town of Keswick; Bassenthwaite Lake; beyond the latter, the rising ground forming the southern boundary of the great Cumbrian plain, and the Scotch hills far in the distance. The perpendicular height through which the water descends in all, is said to be about one hundred and fifty feet. The Lodore Hotel, anciently a small hostelry, has been considerably enlarged of late years, and, under the able management of Mrs. Mossop, affords excellent accommodation to tourists. As may naturally be supposed from its pleasant situation on the banks of the lake, and the grandeur of the scenery by which it is surrounded, it is a favourite place of resort with summer visitors.

Of Southey's amusing description of this waterfall, the piece is too generally known to need insertion, but as the reader is supposed to be on the spot we cannot resist giving a few lines:—

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in.

It hastens along, conflictingly strong,
Now striking and raging, as if a war waging,
In caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting

Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound,
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

* * * * *

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Sailing across the head of the lake, the works seen on the western shore have been recently fitted up for the purpose of re-opening and working a rich vein of lead ore, familiarly called the Salt Level. The only steam engine yet introduced into the Vale of Derwentwater, was set up here in the summer of 1851, and has proved a powerful auxiliary in raising the overflow of water from the workings. We understand that some half-dozen tons of fine ore are raised weekly from this mine, and are boated to the foot of the lake: the ore is thence conveyed by the usual channel into the markets.

The richly-wooded estate commencing at the head of the lake, and extending to its foot, at a variable breadth of from a quarter to half a mile, was formerly the property of Lord William Gordon. From the hands of his Lady it passed into those of the present proprietor, Major General Sir John Woodford. The owner's residence stands in sweet retirement at the head of Derwentwater Bay, embowered in a noble grove of fir and pine trees, interspersed with oak, chestnut, and other varieties of wood. Brandilow House, now a dilapidated building, situated on this estate is worthy of notice as having at one time been a way-side hostlery, and a favourite rendezvous of smugglers, or dealers in contraband spirits, passing inland from the sea coast. The Cock-pit, still existing, significantly points out the rude kind of sports in which they indulged. It is matter of some regret, that the traditions, once rife among the rustic population, of the bacchanalian feasts and other strange scenes witnessed by this spot, as well as many interesting anecdotes of the district that would have illustrated the social condition and history of the people in the past, have not been preserved in some connected form. The time, it

is to be feared, has now gone by for legends as interesting as those that engaged the morning hours of Sir Walter Scott, and family traditions not below the dignity of local history, to be rescued from oblivion.

Hawes End, another dilapidated ruin, stands in a highly picturesque situation, and is well worth a place in the portfolio of the amateur artist.

Victoria Bay, in this locality, is connected with more loyal associations in the minds of the present generation. On the morning of the coronation of her present gracious Majesty, a number of boats' crews of her loyal subjects from Keswick landed here, and, after formally giving to the Bay its present name, spent the day on shore in joyous mirth and hilarity.

ST. HERBERT'S ISLE.

Land here, and view the ruins of St. Herbert's Cell; also a pretty octagonal cottage of unhewn stone, standing on the centre of the island, of modern erection, but overgrown with moss and ivy, and presenting the appearance of antiquity. The island of St. Herbert had, for a long period, been in the possession of the ancient family of the Lawson's, of Brayton Hall, Cumberland. In 1850, it was purchased of the present representative, Sir Wilfred Lawson, by Henry Cowper Marshall, Esq.

It is famous for having been the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, "who," say the chroniclers, "to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was well adapted to the severity of his religious life. He was surrounded with the lake, from whence he received his diet. On every hand the voice of waterfalls excited the most solemn meditation—rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, inspiring his mind with ideas of the might and majesty of the Creator, and were suitable to his disposition of soul; silence seemed to take up her abode. From

the situation of this island nature hath given one half of the year to hurricanes and storms. Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which exist to this day, being built of stone with mortar, formed into two apartments. The outward one, about twenty feet long and sixteen feet broad, has probably been his chapel; the other, of narrower dimensions, his cell."

At the risk of wearying the general reader, or of treating those to whom Bede's account of this saint is familiar, with a repetition, it is here inserted. In a work specially treating of objects locally interesting, it appears desirable that the fullest information should be furnished while the reader is supposed to be on the spot. This consideration must likewise apply as an excuse where apparently minute detail has been entered into in other parts of this volume.

"There was," says Bede, "a certain priest, revered for his uprightness and perfect life and manners, named Hereberte, who had a long time been in unison with the man of God (St. Cuthbert of Farn Island) in the bond of spiritual love and friendship; for, living a solitary life in the isle of that great and extended lake from whence proceeds the river Derwent, he used to visit St. Cuthbert every year, to receive from his lips the doctrine of eternal life. When this holy priest heard of St. Cuthbert's coming to Lugubalia (Carlisle), he came after his usual manner, desiring to be comforted more and more with the hopes of everlasting bliss, by his divine exhortations. As they sate together, and enjoyed the hopes of heaven, among other things, the bishop said, 'Remember, brother Herbert, that whatsoever ye have to say, and ask of me, you do it now, for after we depart hence, we shall not meet again, and see one another corporeally in this world; for I know well the time of my dissolution is at hand, and the laying aside of this earthly tabernacle draweth on apace.' When Herbert heard this, he fell down at his feet, and, with many sighs and tears, beseeched him, for the love of the Lord, that he would not forsake him, but to remember his faithful brother and associate, and make intercession with

the gracious God, that they might depart hence into heaven together, to behold His grace and glory whom they had in unity of spirit served on earth; for you know I have ever studied and laboured to live according to your pious and virtuous instructions; and in whatsoever I offended or omitted, through ignorance and frailty, I straightway used my earnest efforts to amend after your ghostly will and counsel.' At this earnest and affectionate request of Herebert's, the bishop went to prayer, and presently being certified in spirit that his petition to heaven would be granted,—'Arise,' saith he, 'my dear brother, weep not, but let your rejoicing be with exceeding gladness; for the great mercy of God hath granted unto us our prayer.' The truth of which promise was well proved in that which ensued; for their separation was the last that beheld them on earth; on the same day, which was the 19th day of March, their souls departed from their bodies, and were straight in union in the beatific sight and vision, and were transported hence to the kingdom of heaven, by the service and hands of angels."

"It is probable," says Hutchinson, whom we have followed in this account, "the hermit's little oratory or chapel might be kept in repair after his death, as a particular veneration appears to have been paid by the religious of after ages to this venerable retreat, and the memory of the Saint. There is a variance in the accounts given by authors, of the day of the Saint's death. Bede says, the 19th March; other authors, on the 20th day of May, A.D. 687. But, however, in the year 1374, at the distance of almost seven centuries, we find this place resorted to in holy services and processions, and the hermit's memory celebrated in religious service. To every attendant on these occasions, forty days indulgence was granted as a reward for his devotion." Southey says of these annual processions, "What a happy holiday must that have been for all these vales, and how joyous, on a fine spring day, must the lake have appeared with boats and banners from every chapelry, and how must the chapel have

adorned that little isle, giving a human and a religious character to the solitude !”

Part of Wordsworth’s inscription for this sacred spot is here transcribed :—

“ Stranger ! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless mass of stones,
The desolate ruin of St. Herbert’s Cell.
Here stood his threshold ; here was spread the roof,
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man.

“ When, with eye upraised
To Heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
While o’er the Lake the Cataract of Lodore
Peal’d to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment.—Nor in vain
So prayed he—as our Chroniclers report,
Though here the Hermit number’d his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved Friend—
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

Before closing the present chapter, it may not be considered out of place to notice a few principle features connected with Lake Derwent. Its form, as will be seen by reference to the annexed map, is irregular, approaching most nearly to that of the oval, extending in length a distance of about three miles, its greatest breadth being about a mile and a half—in some parts much less—the northern portion being not more than half-a-mile from shore to shore—and contains according to an eminent modern geographical authority, an area of 1485 acres.

Of the various scenes of luxuriant beauty and sublime mountain forms by which it is surrounded, the reader who has

“ Sail’d the wondrous lake around,”

will be qualified to speak for himself; but the enjoyment

derived from the contemplation of these will be doubly enhanced if he has been fortunate enough to visit it in early summer, or during the autumnal months, and made the circuit of its waters on a calm still morning or evening, when the forms and hues of surrounding objects are clearly reflected in its mirrored bosom. At such an hour, when the mind comes prepared to yield up its powers to the influence of the season and its associations, the quiet beauty and unbroken stillness of the scene, the deep azure of the heavens above, the clustering mountains around, and the dense groves that fringe the margin of the lake and cover the islands,—the whole reflected in the brilliant purity of its waters, giving back every tint of colouring in landscape and foliage, and presenting the perfect illusion of a twofold creation,—produce upon the voyager a feeling of deep and tranquil joy. Nor is it only at such hours that the lake may be visited to advantage; an excursion upon its waters by moonlight has often been described as fraught with feelings of enchantment. The months of August and September, it may be observed, are the most favourable for such a voyage, and the weather ought to be peculiarly favourable, otherwise the experiment should not be made.

The surface of the lake affords, in some winter seasons, a fine field for the invigorating exercise of skating. In the winter of 1837–8, its waters were frozen over for a period of eleven weeks, the ice during that time attaining an almost incredible thickness. Large quantities of perch were taken with hook and line suspended through openings made in the ice with saw and hatchet, at a depth, in some places, of twenty-six yards. Games of cricket and other amusements, were held upon its surface. At several subsequent periods it has been frozen over for three or four successive weeks, and has never failed, at such times, to be made use of by the dwellers on its banks as a means of recreation. Unhappily, it has not been free from those accidents to which all similar places are more or less liable, and which throw a deep gloom over the district in which they occur. Twice,

within the memory of the present generation, have two brothers, in the flush of manhood, gone down together beneath the ice and found a watery grave, under more than usually melancholy circumstances. At two different periods of time, too, have parties of three met with similar deaths, under equally melancholy circumstances, by the capsizing and sinking of sail-boats.

The fish taken here are trout, pike, eels and perch in abundance, occasionally salmon, but no char. Many rare aquatic birds have from time to time been shot upon its waters. During the present season some fine swans and Egyptian geese have been placed upon the lake by a gentleman resident upon its banks, and, it is needless to say, form a graceful ornament to its waters.

As it is probable the reader, whose stay in the neighbourhood is protracted beyond the day, will be tempted to repeat his visits to the shore of the lake, it may be well to remind him that a kind of classic interest is connected with this spot, as forming the scene of the ludicrous disaster that befel the good old simple-hearted Dr. Syntax in his memorable Tour to the Lakes. Dr. Syntax, the reader need hardly be informed, is the inimitable creation of a gifted, but erring and unfortunate man of genius. He is supposed to be residing in a distant part of our island, fulfilling in his own person the twofold duties of country curate and pedagogue. A scheme has long been revolving in the worthy Doctor's pericranium, how he shall most profitably employ the approaching midsummer vacation. The scheme at length resolves itself into a tangible form—and—but we shall leave him to tell his own tale.

“I'm going further on a scheme,
Which you may think an idle dream;
At the famed Lakes to take a look,
And of my *Journey* write a Book.

With curious eye and active scent,
I on the *Picturesque* am bent :

This is my game; I must pursue it,
And make it where I cannot view it.

When four long tedious days had past,
The town of Keswick reach'd at last,
Where he the famous work prepared,
Of all his toil the hoped reward.

Soon as the morn began to break,
Old Grizzle bore him to the Lake;
Along the banks he gravely paced,
And all its various beauties traced;
When, lo, a threat'ning storm appear'd!
Phœbus the scene no longer cheered:
The dark clouds sank on every hill;
The floating mists the valley fill;
Nature transform'd began to lower,
And threat'ned a tremendous shower.
'I love,' he cried, 'to hear the rattle
When elements contend in battle;
For I insist, though some may flout it,
Who write about it, and about it,
That we the Picturesque may find
In thunder loud and whistling wind;
And often, as I fully ween,
It may be heard as well as seen;
For, though a pencil cannot trace
A sound as it can paint a face,
The pen, in its poetic rage,
Can make it figure on the page.'
A fisherman who passed that way,
Thought it civility to say:—
'An please you, Sir, 'tis all in vain
To take your prospects in the rain,
On horseback, too, you'll ne'er be able,
'Twere better sure to seek a table.'
'Thanks,' Syntax said, 'for your advice,
And, faith, I'll take it in a trice;
For, as I'm moisten'd to the skin,
I'll seek a table at the inn.'
But Grizzle, in her haste to pass,
Lured by a tempting tuft of grass,
A luckless step now chanc'd to take,

And sous'd the Doctor in the Lake :
But as it proved no worse disaster
Befel poor Grizzle and her master,
Than both of them could well endure,
And a warm inn would shortly cure,
To that warm inn they quickly hied,
Where Syntax, by the fire-side,
Sat in the landlord's garments clad,
But neither sorrowful nor sad ;
Nor did he waste his hours away,
But gave his pencil all its play,
And trac'd the landscapes of the day."

The Doctor meets with a congenial friend in the person of a real Squire Worthy of the place, which promises to conduce more to his substantial interests than book-making. Eventually he receives the appointment to the Vicarage from the Squire. The entrance of himself and Lady to take possession of their "appointed tranquil home," is thus happily described :—

"The courteous people lined the way,
And their rude untaught homage pay ;
The foremost of the appointed crowd,
The fat Exciseman, humbly bow'd ;
'Welcome,' he said, 'to Sommerden ;'
The Clerk stood by and cried 'Amen.'
Grizzle dash'd boldly through the gate,
Where the kind Squire and Ladies wait,
With kind embrace, with heart and hand,
To cheer them into Cumberland,
The bells rang loud, the boys huzza'd,
The bonfire was in order laid ;
The Villagers their zeal display,
And Ale and Crackers close the day."

CHAPTER III.

TOUR II.

He on his own green banks, in solitude,
By his soft murmuring lake wanders along ;
And to his mountains and his forests rude
Chants in sweet melody his classic song ;
He makes our northern wilds a paradise,
Since spirits all sublime inhabit there :
For at his magic call what phantoms rise,
And in his voice what music floats the air !
So heavenly soothing and so softly wild,
The peasant deems it more than mortal lay ;
The gray old hermit and the rustic child,
With beating heart and timid footsteps stray,
To catch the notes the zephyrs waft away.

Lines written and addressed to ROBERT SOUTHEY, by a Lady.

HOWEVER short or hurried the stay of the stranger in Keswick, he will hardly fail to include in his visit the fine old CHURCH OF CROSTHWAITE, where repose the remains of the illustrious Robert Southey. GRETA HALL, the residence of the Poet for the long period of forty years, stands on a piece of rising ground, embowered in trees, at the northern end of the town, about two hundred yards to the right of the Bridge. Here Robert Southey, after the failure of his youthful schemes and various world-wanderings, finally "cast anchor," as he himself expresses it, in the year 1803, being then in his thirtieth year. He had at that time published

‘Joan of Arc’ and ‘Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song’—‘Kehama’ and ‘Madoc’ were completed, but still in manuscript. Even in a district where every eminence, however slight, unfolds its own peculiar charms of landscape, the spot was well chosen. The river Greta—in rainy seasons, of rapid and turbulent passage, at others, a loitering purling brook—winds immediately behind and again in front of the house and grounds, thence forms a junction with the Derwent about a quarter of a mile below the bridge. The mountains by which the house is on all sides ‘enveloped’ have been somewhere described by ‘Elia,’ as ‘great flourishing bears and monsters.’ Behind rise, with lofty front, the majestic Skiddaw and Blencathra, at whose feet repose the sunny slopes of Latrigg, long before styled by Gray “Skiddaw’s Cub.” In front expands the fertile vale and sister lakes, connected by the Derwent, a charming river of sinuous course. ‘A giant’s camp of tent-like mountains,’ extending from ‘far Glaramara’ to westernmost Wythop, a distance of fifteen miles as the crow flies, shuts in the scene on this side.

“That Southey was not indifferent to the poetic and pictorial accessories of his abode,” says a recent Reviewer of his Life, “many charming passages in both prose and verse evince. . . . His daily walks, his occasional rambles, and the prospect which hourly greeted him from his library window, refreshed and invigorated his spirit, and taught him to scan and describe, with a profound feeling of their beauty, the mystery and the majesty of flood and fell, of night and of morning, of elemental turbulence and repose.”

A November Scene from his library window, the peculiar nature of which no one but an observant resident in a mountainous district, acquainted with the rich hues imparted by the natural phenomena of atmospheric vapour, can fully realize perhaps, has been left us in memorable hexameters.

’Twas at that sober hour, when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has
adorned them

Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed :

Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding

Mountain and lake and vale ; the valley disrobed of its verdure ;

Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,

Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,

Under the woods reposed : the hills that, calm and majestic,

Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramar,

Bleaerag and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and westernmost Wythop.

Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gather'd above them

High in the middle air, huge, purple, pillowy masses,

While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight ;

Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters

Flow o'er a schistous bed ; and serene as the age of the righteous.

Earth was hushed and still ; all motion and sounds were suspended ;

Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,

Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness.

Pensive I stood and alone, the hour and the scene had subdued me,

And as I gazed in the west, where Infinity seem'd to be open,

Yearn'd to be free from time, and felt that this life is a thralldom.

The Volumes of "LIFE AND LETTERS" recently given to the world by his son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, furnish us with many curious and interesting particulars of the home-life of the Poet. Our limits do not permit us to enter at any length into this subject, but we trust the Reverend Editor will excuse us, as we are sure our readers will, if we give one or two examples, taken at random. Writing to a friend in 1807, he says :—

"My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing) ; then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner-time ;

from dinner till tea, I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a *siesta*. After tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish.”

Again, in 1812:—

“Of my own goings on, I know not that there is anything to be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat, up-stairs, plays with me; for puss, finding this room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning; and qualify myself for a boatswain’s place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another; and never did the days appear to pass so fast.”

As may readily be supposed, Greta Hall had numerous visitors during the summer months. Many of these were old acquaintances; others brought letters of introduction to the poet, and were invariably received with that kindly welcome which so greatly distinguished his private life.

“Here is a man at Keswick,” says Southey, “who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with £6000 a year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father’s power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford to metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages which he entitled the ‘*Necessity of Atheism*’;

sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon £200 a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he is got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and in the course of a week I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with £6000 a-year; the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! The world wants mending, though he does not set about it exactly in the right way."

It would be difficult to mention a department of literature not permanently enriched by the pen of Southey during his long residence here. The list of his published writings contains one hundred and nine volumes, besides one hundred and forty-nine articles to different Reviews!—"a roll," it has been well observed, "of startling magnitude."

In the Village of High Hill—a sad misnomer by the way—is the CROSTHWAITE SUNDAY SCHOOL, a handsome edifice, built at the expense of James Stanger, Esq., Lairthwaite. This institution was founded in 1833, by the present Vicar of Scarborough, the Rev. Dr. Whiteside, and is under the management of the Vicar of Crosthwaite, or officiating minister for the time being; Mr. Stanger, Lay-Superintendent, has ably conducted the school since the commencement, under whom a large number of both sexes in the parish have received religious instruction; in his absence, the management has devolved upon the Rev. Montague Valpy, M.A., who is assisted by a valuable body of voluntary teachers.

A Day School of Industry for Girls is also held here, sup-

ported partly by a small weekly charge upon each scholar, partly by subscription and voluntary contribution, and is numerously attended.

The Parish Church of Crosthwaite is delightfully situated in the centre of the Vale, about half-a-mile from the town of Keswick. It is dedicated to St. Kentigern, *alias* St. Mungo, and was anciently rectorial, but was appropriated with other appanages, by Alice de Romeli, to Fountain's Abbey, Yorkshire, the patronage of the Vicarage, however, being reserved to the See of Carlisle. It is valued in the King's Books at £50 8s. 11½*d.*, and was certified to the Parliamentary Commissioners as of the average annual value of £312. In 1845, the tithes were commuted for a yearly rent charge of £432 13s. 2*d.* The corn-tithes, which were granted to purchasers in trust, have been commuted for £103 5s. There was formerly a chantry here, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, endowed with lands and tenements, which, after the dissolution of the monasteries, were granted, in the reign of Edward VI., to one Thomas Brende, scrivener, London. The building consists of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, tower, and porch. There is no record to show the date of its erection. The interior of the church was restored in 1845, at a cost of £4500, of which £4000 was given by James Stanger, Esq., and the remainder by private subscription among the parishioners. The roof is now of beautifully carved and stained pine. The stalls of oak, in carved work. The chancel and five other windows, are of richly-illuminated glass, representing the Crucifixion and other Scriptural subjects. A '*Memorial Window*,' presented by the parishioners, commemorates the 'munificent' restoration and embellishment of the Church effected by Mr. Stanger. In the chancel of the Church, is an antique monument of the Ratcliffe family, of Derwentwater, with figures of a knight in armour and his lady, and the arms of the house, all of bronze, inlaid, and bearing the following inscription in black letter :—

“Of your charity pray for the soul of Sir John Ratcliffe, Knight, and for the soul of Dame Alice his Wife; which Sir John died on the 2nd day of February, Ann. Dom. 1527; on whose soul have mercy.”

Beneath this tablet are laid two full-length figures of a knight and lady, in composite, of apparently a much older date, but supposed to represent members of the same house. The baptismal font is an interesting object of antiquity: its form is hexagonal; on one of the shields are the arms of Edward III., on the others some curious, but hitherto unexplained devices. The tower contains a fine peal of six bells, with an appropriate inscription on each. Thus, on the marriage bell,—

“In Wedlock’s bands all ye who join,
With hands your hearts unite:
So shall our tuneful tongues combine
To laud the nuptial rite.”

On a second,—

“Such wond’rous power to music’s given,
It elevates the soul to Heaven.”

Again,—

“If you have a judicious ear,
You’ll own my voice is sweet and clear.”

“Music is medicine to the mind.”

“Peace and good neighbourhood.”

“Although I am but light and small,
I will be heard above you all.”*

* Before the Reformation, bells were baptized and anointed with the chrism, or holy oil. They were exorcised and blessed by the Bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies had been

The Monument raised to the memory of Southey, in 1846, is placed in the interior of the Church. It consists of a full length recumbent figure, in white marble, on a pedestal of Caen stone, and receives high eulogium both as a faithful likeness and as a work of art. It was executed by Lough, the cost, £1100, being defrayed by subscription among the friends of the Poet. The inscription on the monument is from the pen of Wordsworth, and is as follows:—

Ye Vales and Hills whose beauty hither drew
 The Poet's steps, and fixed them here—on you
 His eyes have closed! And ye loved books, no more
 Shall SOUTHEY feed upon your precious lore,
 To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
 Adding immortal labours of his own—
 Whether he traced Historic Truth, with zeal
 For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal;
 Or Fancy disciplined with studious Art
 Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
 Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's mind,
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
 Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast,
 Could private feelings find a holier rest,
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
 From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
 Through a life long and pure; and Christian Faith
 Calmed in his soul the fear of Change and Death.

performed they had power to drive the devil out of the air, calm tempests, and keep away the plague. This practise of baptizing and consecrating bells was introduced by Pope John XIII., in 968. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical, and is still used in Roman Catholic countries. They were usually consecrated in honour of some Saint, and had different inscriptions and sentences upon them, as—

When mirth and joy are on the wing—I ring,
 To call the folks to church in time—I chime,
 When from the body parts the soul—I toll.

Hence, the custom of inscribing bells with mottos is preserved to the present day.

Leading round the tower of the Church, a well-trodden path points to Southey's grave. A plain monumental tablet records his death and that of his wife. The grave is surrounded by others of his household. "In a dark and stormy," to use the words of a recent Reviewer, "day of March, 1843, the mortal remains of Robert Southey were deposited in their final abode in Crosthwaite. The over-toiled brain, the liberal and capacious heart, at length rested in the bosom of the mountain land which he had adopted and loved so well. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, surrounded by the children and wife who had passed away before him."

Divine Service is performed at this Church twice every Sabbath, commencing at a quarter to eleven in the morning, and three in the afternoon. Rev. JAMES LYNN, Vicar; Rev. MONTAGUE VALPY, M.A., Curate.

A curious but time-honoured custom still prevails here in the manner of electing Churchwardens and Sidesmen of the Parish of Crosthwaite. According to a decree issued 13th Elizabeth (1571), under the Bishop of Carlisle, Henry Lord Scrope, Lord Warden of the West Marshes of England, for *Enenst* Scotland, Simon Musgrave, Kt., and others, appointed for the hearing of all Causes Ecclesiastical within and throughout the whole Province of York; the Vicar of Crosthwaite, the eighteen sworn men (Sidesmen), the Churchwardens; the Representatives of the House of Derwentwater; the Sealer and Receiver of the Queen's Majesty's Portion at the Mines; the Bailiffs of Keswick, Wythburn, Borrowdale, Thornthwaite, Brundholme, and the Forrester of Derwent Fells, are commanded to assemble at Crosthwaite Church upon the afternoon of Ascension-day, and then and there to elect, choose, and nominate the eighteen men for the year to come, and also the Churchwardens. On the Sunday following Ascension-day, between the Morning Prayer and the saying of the Litany, the Vicar, or in his

absence, the Curate, administers to the eighteen men nominated the oath following :—

“ You, and every one of you, now chosen to be for this year next coming, the eighteen men for this Parish of Crossthwaite, shall swear by God and the Holy Contents of the blessed Evangelists here by you bodily touched, that you and every one of you, shall well and faithfully exercise and execute the office whereunto you be now chosen, to the most *Commodity* and *behoof* of the said Parish. The stock and money accruing thereof, you shall maintain, better and not impair, and, finally, you shall faithfully fulfil and accomplish all that unto that office of right or lawful custom shall appertain. And at the end of the year you shall render and give up, together with the office, a full, perfect, and true account of all, and singular, the sums by you received and employed, or bestowed in the said office ; wherein you shall do nothing without the consent of the Fellows, or of a greater, or more part of them. And upon the account determined you shall make present pay of the remainder of all such sums of money as shall rest in your hands, and therewithal deliver over to the Successor all such other Implements and Goods, belonging to this Parish, as in your hands and custody shall remain by inventory. So God you help by Jesus Christ.”

A nearly similar oath is then administered to the Churchwardens.

The Sidesmen and Churchwardens were commanded by this decree, “ to sell before the first day of December of the the aforesaid year, “ All the Popish reliques and monuments of superstition and idolatry, as presently remain in the said Parish, of the Church or Parish goods, converting the prices thereof received to the Parish use wholly, viz., two Pipes of Silver, one Silver Paxe, one Cross of Cloth of Gold, which was on a Vestiment ; one Copper Cross, two Chalices of silver, two Corporase Rases, three Hand Bells, the Iron whereon the Paschal stood, one Pair of Sensures, one Ship, one Head of a Pair of Sensures, twenty-nine Brazen or

Latyne Candlesticks, of six quarters long; one Holy Water Tankard of Brass: the Canopies which hanged, and that which was carried over the Sacrament, two Brazen or Latyne Chrismatories, the Vail Cloth, the Sepulcher Cloths, and Painted Cloths, with Pictures of Peter and Paul, and of the Trinity."

Divine Service was "forbidden to be publicly said in the Church on any Abrogate Holidays, or any concourse of idle people to Church on such forbidden days; that is to wit, on the Feasts or Days of All Souls, or the evening and night before; on St. Catherine, St. Nicholas, Thomas a Beckett, St. George; the Wednesdays in Easter and Whitsun weeks; the Conception, Assumption, and Nativity of our Lady; St. Lawrence, Mary Magdalene, St. Ann, or such like; which are forbidden to be kept Holidays by the Laws of this realm." It was "straitly commanded that none should hereafter pray upon any Beads, Knots, Portasses, Papistical and Superstitious Latyne Primiers, or otherlike forbidden or ungodly Books, either publicly or openly, and that there should be no Communion said, celebrated, or ministered at the Burial of the Dead, nor for any Dead; nor for any Month's Minds, Anniversaries, or such Superstitions used."

CROSTHWAITE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

In the Decree issued 13th Elizabeth, consideration was had for the better maintaining the common Free Grammar School of Crosthwaite, which was found to be supported by the "Commodities accruing of, and upon certain Stock of Money, put forth to use in the said Parish, which were not great, nor fully sufficient to maintain and support a learned and industrious Schoolmaster there; it was therefore Decreed, Constituted and Ordained, that, whereas every Firehouse, within the said Parish of Crosthwaite, hath, time out of mind, and yet doth yield, and by the Inhabitants therein yearly, *Twopence is paid for the Clerk's Wages*, over and besides certain Ordinary Fees for Night Watch, Burials,

Weddings, and over and besides certain Annual Benevolences of Lamb Wool, Eggs, and such like, which seemeth to grow up to a greater sum yearly than is competent for a Parish Clerk's Wages and stipend, the eighteen men of the said Parish shall this year, and so forth yearly for ever hereafter, *receive, collect, gather, and take up* the said yearly *Contributions of Twopence* for every Fire-house, to the use of the said Free School, and to the augmenting of the Schoolmaster's Stipend and Salary, paying yearly, on the Sunday next after the Feast of Ascension, unto the Parish Clerk, Gawin Radcliffe, and his successors, Forty-six Shillings and Eightpence, lawful English Money, for his Wages, out of the said Contribution of Twopence for every House, and employing the remainder to the Schoolmaster's use: whereof we will that they yield a full account yearly, at their general Accompts. * * * * *

“And we furthermore Decree and Ordain, and by these presents firmly charge and command, that the said eighteen men do from henceforth occupy the said Stock of Money, to the utmost and greatest Commodity it by any way may thereby, or thereof, accrue or grow to the use of the School; thinking that if the said sums were levied and paid over to purchase of a yearly annuity or rent charge of some free and good Manors or Lordships, upon good and strong assurance, there might be had about Sixteen Pounds Yearly Annuity for the same, and faithfully assured. Nevertheless the consideration hereof, and the husbanding the said Stock and Sums, for the behoof of the said Free School, which wholly and utterly leave and refer to the said eighteen men, from time to time, as to their discretion shall seem most behoveable to the said School.”

A dispute having arisen between Henry, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and the eighteen sworn men, respecting the right of collation, placing and displacing of the Schoolmaster, and the Bishop of the Diocese having committed thirteen of the sworn men to prison, an Inquisition was taken at Keswick, in the year

1616, before Sir William Hutton, Knight, and others, and a jury of "13 good and lawful men of the county." The jury presented, upon oath, "That there hath been a Grammar School, within the Parish of Crosthwaite, in the said County, time whereof the memory of man knoweth not the contrary; and that for like time there hath always been by an ancient custom, eighteen men yearly elected by the preceeding eighteen men; that the said eighteen sworn men have always by Prescription and Ancient Custom, yea, even times without memory, used and accustomed to choose, place, and displace the Schoolmaster of the said School * * * that long time since, as the said jurors do plainly perceive, by the testimony of living witnesses of the age of ninety years or thereabouts, and by the general consent and reputation of the Parishioners, and other good evidence, that divers of the Parishioners and Inhabitants within the said Parish, and no other to their knowledge, voluntarily and freely, out of their charitable dispositions, for a more certainty and increase of maintenance of the said School, gave every of them several Sums of Money, and collected the same together, all amounting, with the Sum which was the ancient School Stock, unto One Hundred and Forty-Eight Pounds Two Shillings and Three Pence Half-penny, which was given and bestowed by them, and delivered over unto the conscionable Care and Trust of the said eighteen sworn men, by them, and those which should succeed them, perpetually so to be employed, that out of the increase thereof, and such other profits as they then had the disposition of, or thereafter might have, to the use of the said School, a competent Yearly Stipend might be raised, and paid by them, unto such Schoolmaster, whom they should choose, and continue from time to time, to teach in the School, for the Education of the Youth of the said Parish." It was therefore Decreed, under the Hands and Seals of the Commissioners and Jurors, that the "eighteen sworn men of the said Parish, now, and from time to time, to be elected hereafter, shall be, as of right they are, and ought to be for ever

hereafter, the Sole and only Governors of the said School and School Stock, * * * and that they shall have the sole and only power and authority of *election, collection, placing* and *displacing* of the said Schoolmaster, in the said School, according to their most ancient and laudable custom."

About twenty-one years subsequent to the above Inquisition (12th Charles I.) an Obligatory Decree, under the Great Seal of England, appears to have been issued; whereby the parties are willed and commanded, firmly, without distinction, that all and singular whatsoever, in the Decree aforesaid contained and specified (so far as to them or any of them it belongeth or appertaineth) should fulfil and execute; and that every of them should fulfil and execute with effect, according to the tenor and the true intention of the Decree aforesaid, under the penalty of £500.

These form altogether three exceedingly interesting documents. At what precise period the custom of exacting a yearly payment of Twopence from every fire-house in support of the School ceased, or the recommendation of purchasing a rent-charge was adopted, we have not been able to learn, but the School has now for a long period been solely supported by the funds arising from separate tenements situate within the parish, amounting to about the sum of £113 yearly. It is entirely free to all the parish, and is now attended daily by upwards of one hundred scholars.

The return from the Church will be agreeably varied by entering the wicket and taking the footpath leading round Lairthwaite House and grounds to Vicarage Hill, thence through the small but ancient village of Crosthwaite, which gives its name to the parish, and, leaving Monks Hall, a venerable farm-stead belonging to the Le Flemings of Rydal, on the left, to High Hill again;

Or, turning from the Church in a westerly direction, a pleasant ramble may be enjoyed by crossing the bridge over the river Derwent and visiting Portinscale, a very

pretty suburban village, justly rising into favour as a place of resort to strangers during the summer months. A few yards beyond the Derwentwater Hotel, the road leading into the vale of Newlands, branches off to the left. Passing Roodland's House, and Derwent Lodge successively on the right, and Derwent Bank on the left: just beyond the latter, enter the gate leading to the lake. Stroll along the beach, or ascend the wooded heights of Faw Park, where new and pleasing views of the lake and vale reveal themselves. From this place saunter on through the sylvan retreats of Silver Hill and Water End, and, if time permit, proceed as far as Gutherscale and Skelgill, two farm-houses delightfully situated on the skirts of the smooth green mountain overlooking the lake known as Cat-Bells or Skelgill Bank. By pushing a little way up the side of this mountain a full view into the vale of Newlands will be obtained. Either on the return homewards from this place, or on descending from Faw Park, the reader is strongly recommended to visit Swinside. A path will be found laid down on the map by which the ascent of this hill may be made. From the side of Swinside the two Lakes and the whole of the intervening vale, with the mountains serving as enormous side-screens, are seen to great advantage.



CHAPTER IV.

TOUR III.

“Time-hallowed pile, by simple builders reared !
Mysterious round through distant time revered !
Ordained with earth’s revolving orb to last !
Thou bring’st to mind the present and the past !

—“Mark yon altar !

 This rude circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone, they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appeared, and with terrific dread
Stalked through this drear domain !
Know that thou stand’st on consecrated ground,
The majestic pile of magic planted rock,
Thus ranged in mystic order, marks the place,
Where but at times of holiest festival
 The Druid leads the train.”

MASON.

It has been well observed by WORDSWORTH, in his admirable work on the SCENERY of the ENGLISH LAKES, that a stranger to a mountainous country may not be aware that his walk in the early morning ought to be made on the eastern side of the vale, otherwise he will lose the morning light, first touching the tops and then creeping down the sides of the opposite hills, and that in the evening, for like reasons, the contrary course should be taken.—At the close of the last chapter the reader was left standing at a considerable elevation, admiring the extended

prospect before him, heightened in its effect—if the recommendation of so high an authority in all matters connected with the district under notice has been followed—by the long shadows of the western mountains thrown far across the vale, and the last rays of the departing sun tinging the summits of the eastern mountains with rich streaks of various-coloured light. Our present route extends over the eastern side of the vale, which will consequently be visited to most advantage under the light of the morning sun.

Taking the Penrith road, and leaving Keswick at Shorley Croft, the way leads for some distance along the banks of the Greta. Though this name is now commonly applied to the stream throughout its whole course, from its extreme source in the mountains to the place where it loses its waters in those of the Derwent below Keswick, the Greta, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, is, properly speaking, formed by the junction of two small rivers, the Glendera-Neckin, or, as it is sometimes written, the Glendera-Makin, and the Bure. The former of these has its source in Threlkeld Tarn, situated on the northern declivities of Blencathra, and, winding round Southerfell, flows through the Vales of Grisedale and Threlkeld, draining those vales and surrounding mountains by means of numerous tributaries. The latter rises in the coves of Wythburn near to Dunmail Raise, and, after forming Thirlmere Lake, at the foot of Helvellyn, pursues a somewhat rapid course through the Valley of St. John. At Threlkeld Bridge the two unite and form a stream of respectable volume, which thence takes the name of the Greta, and finds its way down a deep and narrow glen, the scenery of which is in many places of the most highly picturesque description. Its channel, like that of its Yorkshire compeer, is extremely rocky, and strewn with huge boulders and fragments of the different kinds of rocks over which it passes. The passage of its waters among these boulders, produces, in times of heavy rain, a peculiarly loud and awful noise which, heard in the stillness of night, poetic fancy has not inaptly likened to a loud

wailing or mourning; hence, it is supposed to have derived its name from the old English verb "greet," signifying to lament, to grieve aloud, by sighing or weeping, a word still used in this primitive sense in the north of England, and probably in its turn formed from the Anglo-Saxon verb "grætan," to weep, cry out.

Wordsworth alludes to this derivation in his beautiful sonnet on this river :

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block ;
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combats, while darkness aggravates the groans ;
But if thou (like Cocytus, from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage forgotten. Oft as Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony ;
To the grieved heart the notes are benisons.*

The reader, whom want of time, or the state of the weather, may not permit to make the ascent of Skiddaw, is advised to cross the bridge over the river at Brigham Toll-bar, and pursue the road up Latrigg side, as far as is laid down on the accompanying map. One of the most beautiful views of mountain groups in the district is seen to the south and

* "The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purpose of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the Sonnet. 'The scenery upon this river,' says Mr. Southey, in his *Colloquies*, 'where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind.'

—ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas."

WORDSWORTH'S NOTES, Vol. 5.

westward from this spot. Should it be found desirable to extend this walk, or vary the return, an easy ascent will lead to the top of this hill; or the road may be followed to the foot of Skiddaw, whence a good carriage-road overlooking the fertile fields of Ormathwaite, Applethwaite, Lowgrove, Millbeck, and Lyzzick, extends along the base of Skiddaw as far as Dod, a process of that mountain, about three miles from Keswick. The return may be made by the Wigton road. Or, turning in an opposite direction from the point where this road commences, a more circuitous route will be found by way of Brundholme farm, and thence through the wood, overhanging the Greta for a considerable distance, to the bridge from which the reader started, and thus making the complete circuit of Latrigg.

Should, however, the ascent of Skiddaw be intended, during the reader's sojourn in the district, the walk up Latrigg side will then be included, and he may therefore continue his route up the Penrith road.

Nearly opposite to the Tollbar, and contiguous to Brigham Row, has recently been erected (1851) an excellent School Room and Residence, founded by the late Incumbent of St. John's Church, Keswick (Rev. F. Myers). This neighbourhood forms part of the district apportioned to St. John's Church, in 1839, and the inhabitants,—partly engaged in manufacturing pursuits, and partly in agricultural labour,—seem to appreciate, the blessings of a spiritual and temporal education for themselves and families, thus held out to them in the Church and School. The latter is attended daily by upwards of ninety children of both sexes, who contribute in part to its support, by the payment of a small quarter-pence, the rest coming from a private resource. It is conducted by a Battersea Master, under the supervision of the present Incumbent of St. John's; and, in addition to the usual elementary branches of education taught in schools of this class, a portion of ground is laid out in plots, on which the upper forms learn garden work.

THE FORGE.—A small village situated on the banks of the river, and formerly the seat of a Woollen Manufactory, is now chiefly supported by its Bobbin Works.

BRIERY.—Another village, built on a similar plan to the last, about half-a-mile further up the river, has also an extensive Manufactory of Bobbins, and a Woollen Mill; the latter at present unoccupied.

Ascending the hill as far as the first mile-stone, our present way branches off the Penrith road to the right, leading between Stormy Hill and Field-Side House; the latter the residence of Joshua Stanger, Esq. In the grounds in front of this house, is shown on the map a mineral spring. These grounds, it may be interesting to learn, now tastefully laid out and brought into a high state of cultivation, were, within these few years back, still waste and unenclosed, and known as the “Keswick Common.” Where now graze in luxuriant pasture sleek cattle and fattened sheep, the abused ass and jaded hack cropped a scanty meal from the thickly overgrown furze or *whin*. One handsome residence (Larch House) has risen, and another is fast rising to completion, where until lately wandering tribes of gipsies and other migratory families, called forth by the summer’s sun, had continued for ages to pitch their camps—yet the neighbourhood is not altogether destitute of those who talk about the “rights of common,” and murmur at the change.

During the progress of the improvements consequent upon the enclosure of this Common, Mr. Stanger discovered, in the portion purchased by him, the mineral spring spoken of. A sample of the water was submitted, at the time of its discovery, to the well-known chemical analyst, Dr. Ure, with a copy of whose test we are enabled to furnish our readers:

“Report of the Analysis of a Sample of Water forwarded to me by Jacob Bell, Esq., from Mr. Joshua Stanger, of Field Side, near Keswick.

“London, No. 13, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square,
April 21, 1847.

“Specific gravity — 1.0003; water distilled — 1.0000. It is colourless, limpid, and with a slight chalybeate taste; one gallon (80000 grains of it), when evaporated to dryness, leaves eight grains of solid matter, which is composed as follows:—

I. Peroxide of Iron	2 grains, corresponding to	2.9 grains.
	of Proto-Carbonate of iron in the water	. 2.0
II. Chloride of Sodium 0.9
III. Carbonate of Lime 1.1
IV. Organic Matter 4.0
		<hr/>
		8.0
		<hr/>

“Carbonic Acid Gas,—9 inches.

Tunbridge Wells water resembles this water, in general, but it is much feebler in iron, since one gallon of it contains only 7-19ths of a grain of the metal, while the present water contains twice as much.”

ANDREW URE, M.D., F.R.S. &c.”

Following the road on which the reader last entered, a distance of about half a mile will bring him to the top of the hill, where, in a field to the right, stands the DRUIDS' TEMPLE,—a circle, or, more properly speaking, an oval, formed by unhewn stones of various sizes and shapes, of a species of granite, some of which are seven feet in height. The stones are forty-eight in number, and describe a figure measuring one hundred and eight feet by one hundred.

On the eastern side of this monument, within the figure, there is a small recess formed by ten stones arranged in the form of an oblong square, which Pennant, in his Tour to the North, has thus noticed:

“But what distinguishes this from all other druidical remains of this nature, is a rectangular recess on the east side of the area, formed of great stones like those of the oval. These structures have been considered, in general, to have

been temples, or places for worship. The recess here mentioned seems to have been allotted for the Druids, the priests of the place, a sort of holy of holies, where they met, separated from the vulgar, to perform their rights, their divinations, or to sit in council to determine on controversies, to compromise all differences about limits of land, or about inheritances, or for the trial of greater criminals; the Druids possessing both the office of priest and judge. The cause that this recess was placed on the east side, seems to arise from the respect paid by the ancient natives of this isle, to that beneficent luminary, the *Sun*; not originally an idolatrous respect, but merely as a symbol of the glorious All-seeing Being, its great Creator."

This spot, it has been justly observed by Southey, is the most commanding which could be chosen in this part of the country, without climbing a mountain. "Derwentwater and the vale of Keswick are not seen from it, only the mountains that enclose them on the south and west. Latrigg and the huge side of Skiddaw are on the north; to the east is the open country towards Penrith, expanding from the vale of St. John, and extending for many miles, with Melfell in the distance, where it rises along like a huge tumulus on the right, and Bleneathra on the left, rent into deep ravines. On the south-east is the range of Helvellyn, from its termination at Wanthwaite Crags to its loftiest summits, and to Dunmail Raise. The lower range of Nathdale Fells lies nearer in a parallel line with Helvellyn, and the dale itself, with its little streamlet below. The heights above Leathes Water, with the Borrowdale mountains, completes the panorama."

Mrs. Radcliff, the once popular romancist, who was among the earliest visitors to the vale of Keswick, and who has left a highly-coloured picture of its several beauties, appears to have been charmed with this view, as evidenced by the following remarks:—

"Whether our judgment was influenced by the authority of a Druid's choice, or that the place itself commanded the

opinion, we thought this the most severely grand of any hitherto passed. There is, perhaps, not a single object in the scene that interrupts the solemn tone of feeling, impressed by its general character of profound solitude, greatness, and awful wildness. Castlerigg is the central point of three valleys, that dart immediately under it from the eye, and whose mountains form part of an amphitheatre, which is completed by those of Derwent from the west, and by the precipices of Skiddaw and Saddleback close on the north. The hue which pervades all these mountains is that of dark heath or rock; they are thrown into every form and direction that fancy would suggest, and are at that distance which allows all their grandeur to prevail. Such sublimity and seclusion were indeed well suited to the deep and wild mysteries of the Druids. Here, at midnight, every Druid, summoned by that terrible horn, never awakened but upon high occasions, descending from his mountain or secret cave, might assemble without intrusion from one sacrilegious footstep, and celebrate a midnight festival—

—by rites of such strange potency
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
Tho' throned in noontide brightness !”

From this place the reader may proceed, by way of Castle Lonning, to the Ambleside road. The view from the brow of CASTLERIGG, on the return towards Keswick, is said to be unequalled in England in point of richness, variety, and beauty. Gray, it will be seen, was enchanted with it, so that he “had almost a mind to have gone back again.” A modern tourist has finely sketched this scene in verse, which we daresay will be more acceptable to our readers than any prose description :—

“ I stood upon the Castle-rigg, and viewed
Lake Derwent lying far below ;
A fairy scene it was, so many-hued,
And bright as burnished silver it did glow ;

Small speck-like boats were passing to and fro.
Close on the right the mighty Skiddaw rose,
Eastward, Blencathar, serf-like, crouched him low :
Against the western sky in serried rows,
A host of tilled hills in jagged peaks uprose.
Lake Bassenthwaite in all its glory seemed ;
The Wythop woods their richest verdure wore ;
Enchanting land ! My fancy ne'er had dreamed
Earth could so much of loveliness have bore ;
Meadows like emeralds fringed the indented shore ;
Orchards and cots lay interspersed between ;
Keswick 'and Greta's bowers, where Southey's lore
Received fresh impulse,' seemed to intervene,
Only to add new charms unto that glorious scene."

As a pendant to our present Excursion may suitably be included the ascent of Wallow Crag, the approach to which it will be seen strikes off here by way of Castlerigg farm-houses to Rakefoot. The last traces of the Castle of the Derwentwater family, which stood in a field to the left of this road, and which was abandoned as a family residence on the marriage of Margaret, heiress and representative, to Sir Nicholas Ratcliffe of Dilston, disappeared before agricultural improvement only a few years ago. From Rakefoot will readily be found a track leading to the open ground on Castlerigg Fell, where, crossing the wall by means of a stile, the summit will be gained by pushing a short distance through a rising plantation. Standing at the head of the vale, and of a more commanding elevation than any point yet visited, the view from this place is of the finest character. Mountains, vales, lakes, and rivers, with their several accompaniments, seen hitherto only in their separate details, here unite in forming one harmonious whole, the component parts of which the reader will have little difficulty in distinguishing and arranging for himself. Southey, with whom this rock seems to have been a favourite place of resort, has left a beautiful description of the scene before us in his *Colloquies on the Progress of Society*. A little to the left of the pile of stones opens out in the front of this perpendicular mass,

the steep mountain-pass known as “Lady’s Rake,” from the circumstance of the Countess of Derwentwater having made her escape through it, on the seizure of the mansion on Lord’s Isle by the officers of the crown. An adventurous mountaineer might make the descent of this pass by way of return, or the descent might be made down a rough and difficult path on the side next the lake; but we cannot recommend our readers to try the experiment in either case—indeed the safest return will be by way of Rakefoot again.

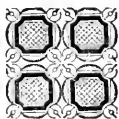
Supplementary to this our fourth Section, is added a short walk, usually made soon after visiting the Lake, but purposely omitted in the chapter on that head for the sake of preserving uniformity of arrangement.

At a distance of about a quarter of a mile from Keswick is situated, on the left of the Borrowdale road, the beautifully-wooded rock of CASTLEHEAD. A winding path leading through the wood to the top of this cone will easily be found. From this station the reader will look down, on one side, upon St. John’s Church and Parsonage, and the roofs of the pleasant-looking little town of Keswick. In front expands the Lake with its varied characteristics of bay, promontory, and island, seen in fine but just proportions; whilst, northwards, stretches far as the sister Lake of Bassenthwaite an extensive plain, forming the central and most considerable portion of the vale of Derwent, and bounded on its western and eastern horizon by barriers of mountains whose feet are dotted with villages and numerous farmsteads of white and cheerful appearance.

By taking the road leading round the base of this hill, a quarry of fine rock, from which is procured the principal building stone of the district, may be inspected.

The inhabitants of Keswick are justly very proud of CASTLEHEAD, as they pronounce it, and frequent it much during their leisure hours and holidays. Leaving it, however, for the present, one mile from Keswick on the Borrowdale road, the gate leading into Great Wood should be entered, and

the path to the right taken; this will conduct the reader over a circuitous road opened out a few years ago by the owner of the Derwentwater estate, and passing directly under the steep of Walla Crag. Though this road is seldom pointed out to strangers, it is a walk replete with singular and indescribable beauty. The Lake and its appanages, the vale and mountains are here seen from a different point of view, and their several proportions with each other appear more fully than when seen from a nearer station. Passing along this road to the eastern boundary of the wood, the return to the town may be made by crossing the fields to the coppice known as the "Keswick Springs," and thence out on the Kendal road at Brow Top.



CHAPTER V.

TOUR IV.

“ As I have seen from Skiddaw’s stony height
The fleecy clouds scud round me on their way,
Condense beneath, and hide the vale from sight,
Then opening, just disclose where Derwent lay
Burnished with sunshine like a shield,
Or old Enchanter’s glass, for magic’s form fit field.”

SOUTHEY.

IN surveying lake and mountain scenery peculiar advantages will be derived by following such an arrangement as we have adopted, in beginning at some low and central point in the valley, and gradually expanding the circuit until the whole has been compassed. One of these advantages will be found in the increased pleasure afterwards arising from a mountain ascent. Each separate scene, forming in itself a perfect landscape when viewed from a lower station, loses the distinctness of its outlines in the general character which the enlarged prospect now begins to assume, and becomes, as the ascent is continued, more and more narrowed in its dimensions, until not only the beauties of its particular parts are lost in the more ample views opening out upon the vision, but until the vale itself at length forms but a minia-

ture part of the map-like extent of country unfolded to the view.

To none of the adjacent mountains does this remark so forcibly apply, perhaps, relative to the Vale of the Derwent, as to Skiddaw. Situated on the verge of an extensive tract of low country stretching north and westward to the sea, and surrounded by, though separated from, groups of vast mountains on the south and east, nothing can exceed the rich beauty and magnificent grandeur of the scenery observable throughout the whole ascent of this mountain.

The road is pointed out on the map as far as the third gate on Latrigg-side. Continuing along this road and passing through a small plantation, another road is entered upon which must be pursued to the right for a few yards. Immediately beyond the gate a path turns at right angles to the left, and continues along the side of a fence to a hollow where the ascent commences. From this place the road runs for a considerable distance by the side of a wall, which it at length crosses and proceeds in a direct line forward, leaving the wall to the right. The most difficult part of the ascent now gained, an almost level tract of moor is crossed as far as Skiddaw Low Man, near which is a spring of clear water. Passing, and leaving successively on the left, five elevations, each surmounted by a pile of stones, Skiddaw High Man will soon be reached. The distance of this point from Keswick, it should be observed, is about six miles, and the ascent throughout so easy that ladies may safely accomplish it on horseback, an advantage possessed by none other of our mountain heights.

We shall not take upon ourselves the part of a cicerone in this excursion, but can confidently entrust our readers to the guidance of a young and talented friend, a native of the district, who has favoured us with a description, in verse, of the varied prospects afforded by the ascent. The incipient mountaineer should not fail to avail himself of the few useful hints introduced.

THE ASCENT OF SKIDDAW.

There is a freshness in the mountain air,
And life, which bloated ease can never hope to share.

BYRON.

AWAKE, arise! ere yet the king of day
Yoke his swift coursers for their joyous way;
Ere yet the summer birds begin their song,
The hedgerows green, and leafy woods among;
Ere yet the dew-gems vanish from the grass,
And fabled fairies from their revels pass;
Ere the sweet-sleeping flowers ope their eyes,—
Lover of Nature, from thy couch arise!
For who would fold his languid arms to rest,
And murmur, life's forgetfulness is best?
Or who prefer to morn's refreshing breeze,
A stifling room, a sluggard's sottish ease?
Let him who lists, snore on with muddy head,
And hug the feather'd softness of his bed;
Wrap his sleek carcass in luxurious sheets,
And seek th' enjoyment his own sloth defeats.
For me, who love to scent the morning air,
When borne on sprightly wings from meadows fair,
Who love to brush from herbs the clustering dews,
And breathe the freshening odour they diffuse;
Who love to hear the lark's loud matins rise,
And waft with him my worship to the skies:—
I would not lose in slothfulness the hour
For all the soft delights of Eastern bower.
Ye who endued with energy delight
To breast the mountain, and explore its height,
To gaze on thence the woodland and the vale,
The lake expansive and the narrow dale,

Shall best your toil, if toil it be, repay
By journeying forward at the break of day,
For then no exhalations load the sky,
To thwart invidious the enquiring eye.
No murky vapours from the heights descend,
To drag our hopes to inauspicious end ;
No hazy veil obscures the distant scene,
But all around is lovely and serene.
Then grasp your staves ; yet let not anxious speed
Be negligent of what your toil shall need,
They err not far who bid the pilgrim band
Fill curious flasks with dews from Northern Land,
Who place in ample scrip no niggard store,
And well provided leave the Hostel door.
Onward we sally, some on nimble steed,
And some on foot, fresh for the arduous deed,
High Skiddaw's top our destin'd goal to-day,
Pleasure we seek, and smiles relieve the way.

O who can tell the transports of a mind
By Nature's loveliness enlarged, refined ;
That sees with knowledge God's benignant hand,
In all the beauties of a smiling land ;
That marks in stately tree, or lowly flower,
A love unfailing, an Almighty power ?
O who can tell ? Not he whose blinded soul
Sees not in aught Omnipotent control ;
Not he, who sneering teaches that the world
Was into form spontaneously hurled ;
Not he, mad votary in pleasure's train,
Whose life is all unprofitably vain ;
Whose mightiest deed is but a drunkard's boast.
And his best fame, a reputation lost.
Not they—but leave such wretches to their joys.
The unbelief, or madness which destroys ;
And let us linger in our steep ascent,
Ere limbs be weary, and ere breath be spent,

And turn again to yonder plain below,
 Whose beauteous lines wax fainter as we go.
 The Sun has risen—and tinged the loftiest hills
 With rosy light—nor yet the vallies fills ;
 Straight to the South black rugged cliffs* uprear
 O'er Borrowdale their beetling brows of fear ;
 Thence sweeping to the west in gentler lines,
 A smooth green† mountain Derwent lake confines.
 Lake Derwent ! peerless mirror of the hills,
 Fed by full tribute from ten thousand rills !
 How shall thy many matchless charms be sung—
 Thy woods, thy waves,—by my poor faltering tongue ?
 How shall I tell the quiet of that isle,
 Where Herbert did a holy life beguile :
 Or that where grass-grown lies the ruined bower,
 Of one *who perished in an evil hour* ;
 The gentle lord, whose name shall never die,
 While Derwent spreads her bosom to the sky ?
 There Walla-Crag,‡ to meet the western breeze,
 Uprises stern and dark from sheltering trees,
 Ye would not dream those steepy cliffs among
 A Spirit dwells, a Spirit of sweet song ;
 Yet oft at twilight hour when wandering slow,
 Listing the ripples as they shoreward flow,
 I've mark'd a voice that seemeth not of earth
 Singing to some sweet maiden's strain of mirth,
 Which, parting from sweet lips of virgin fair,
 Wins answer from this Minstrel of the Air.
 Ah me ! sweet Echo, Sprite or Naiad-maid,
 Too oft thy tuneful office is betrayed,
 When some rough soulless being 'gins to yell
 Like demon to provoke thee from thy cell,
 When madden'd thou return'st the mocking shout,
 And loud derision rings thy caves about.

* Maidenmaur, &c.

† Catbells is the mountain alluded to.

‡ Walla-Crag is the seat of a fine echo.

Nearer, the City of the Lakes' fair clime
Enjoys a glory that may mock at time ;
For hither crowd, when summer days are long,
The old and young, the feeble and the strong ;
Some in pursuit of priceless health are there,
Their last resource, its life-renewing air ;
Some following pleasure with determined aim,
Pleasure that priest or hermit cannot blame,
Seek its white walls, and pass in sweet repose,
More blissful hours than Fate on most bestows.

Thence westward stretches many a pleasant mead,
Or deck'd with flowers, or crown'd with ripening seed,
Where Derwent pours his fertilizing store,
And Bassenthwaite laves deep her wood-crown'd shore.
Far to the left, ascending bold and high,
Supreme Helvellyn props the vaulted sky,
His shadows cast in waters deep and clear
That rest in waveless calm on Thirlmere ;
Thence Greta springs, a melancholy stream,
But flashing now beneath the summer beam,
Meanders past the rock-built castle's* pride,
That looms majestic from Helvellyn's side,
Where Triermain, his weary vigils o'er,
Clasped his predestined Love, and sighed no more.
On that green hill that borders Nathdale's fields,
A temple rude its pensive pleasure yields ;
Masses of rock in ample circle placed,
Mark out the spot by Druid rites disgraced ;
There in dark days of crime and barbarous deed,
To shapes of hell would human victims bleed ;
There, 'mid these very hills, our savage sires
Practised fell orgies, lighted their dread fires,
Revell'd in blood, and bowed the willing head,
And their own habes to blazing altars led.

* Castle-rock, in the Valley of St. John's.

How changed the time ! how lovely now the scene !
That circle only tells of what hath been !

Gaze, stranger, gaze ! 'twere vain for me to tell
The varied charm that rests on flood and fell ;
'Twere vain the ecstasie rapture to express
Of hearts that yearn towards nature's loveliness :
The tongue is chained in wonder—hush, be still !
No sound save dashing streamlet on the hill ;
No voice save murmur of the roving bee,
Or bleat from distant flocks that wander free.
Be still !—in silence thou alone canst feel
The solemn joy such matchless scenes reveal.

Arrived at length on Skiddaw's topmost height.
What region of enchantment greets our sight !
Hills over hills in dread confusion piled,
Close in the Southern view abrupt and wild :
Yet may the vision, bending to the west,
On Mona's Isle and silver Solway rest ;
While Scotia's mountains blue, and fields of green,
And Carlisle's " Merrie Citie " may be seen ;—
But deem not my unskilful pen would dare
E'er to describe a sight so passing rare :
None can describe, but all who list may see,
And all who view in raptures must agree ;
None feels the rapture rural charms impart,
But rests his weary, soothes his anxious heart :
Ev'n grief derives a solace erst unknown,
And anguished feelings gain a healthier tone.

Great God, I thank thee, thou hast deigned to bless
My soul with love, no language can express ;
Love for the grand in nature, mountains high
That roar in echoes to a thundering sky ;
Love for the breezeless lake, the woodland glade,
Valleys that peace and solitude pervade ;

Love that exalts my soul thro' all I see
 In wondering adoration up to Thee;
 Love that I pray, may never fainter grow,
 Till my life's gushing river cease to flow.

VALE OF ST. JOHN.

This romantic valley may be entered to advantage at three several points. Should the tourist enter Cumberland by way of Dunmail Raise, his route will lay for some distance along the banks of Thirlmere; from thence descending through the Vale of Legberthwaite, by turning from the high-road to the right, he will cross into the head of St. John's Vale, down which he may pass by a road running by the side of the narrow stream; or he may thread his way down the valley

“ Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,
 By sheep-walks, or through cottage lane,
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude,
 Upon the pensive solitude”

to its northern extremity, and thus, in either case, reach Keswick by a pleasing *detour* of a few miles beyond the ordinary route.

Or, making Keswick the starting point, the Ambleside road may be followed as far as the Nest, where a foot-path crosses the Vale of Nathland, and comes out upon a comparatively good carriage road, which leads abruptly by way of St. John's Chapel and School, romantically situated at a considerable elevation on Nathdale Fell, into the lower portion of St. John's Vale. The Guide Books state, with what degree of truth we have never taken the trouble to ascertain, “ that the sun never shines upon this Chapel during three months of the year;” but by looking in upon our friend the schoolmaster, some information might possibly be obtained on this head, by those curious in such matters.

But, perhaps, a more interesting excursion could not be found within the compass of the Lake District, than that afforded by a visit to this valley, by the more usual route now about to be pointed out.

A distance from Keswick of about four miles along the Penrith road, will bring the traveller to Threlkeld, an ancient village in the parish of Greystoke. A little beyond this village appear the ruins of Threlkeld, formerly one of the residences of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a powerful Knight of the reign of Henry VII., and second husband of the countess of Clifford, whose first husband, John Lord Clifford, was slain by the Yorkists on the day before the battle of Towton (1461). This Sir Lancelot Threlkeld was wont to say, he had three houses—one for pleasure, Crosby, in Westmorland, where he had a park full of deer; one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter, namely, Yanwath, nigh Penrith; and the third, Threlkeld (on the edge of the Vale of Keswick) well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars.”*

* The feudal tenure under which these tenants held their lands remained undissolved down to a comparatively recent period. In 1635, Lord Lowther relieved them of a fine arbitrary for a fourpenny fine certain, on payment of the sum of £1360. Of the services which were then left uncompounded for, several of the tenants received a release between eighty and ninety years ago, on payment of five guineas each, except the miln service. The services before this release were, for each tenant, half a draught for one day's ploughing, one day mowing, one day shearing, one day clipping, and one day salving sheep; one carriage load once in two years, but not to go above ten miles: to dig and load two loads of peat every year, the tenants to have their mess, or as it is called in the ancient services of the neighbouring counties, *their crowdy*, whilst they served. The cottagers were to perform the like services, only for half a plough they found a horse with a harrow, a footman instead of a carriage load. The tenants had the privilege of house-bot to be set out by the lord's bailiff, to get peats, turrens, heather, furze, limestone, marl, and stone and slate for building, paying twopence each for greenhues.—Vide *Hutchinson's Hist. of Cumb.* Vol. 2.

A romantic interest is attached to Threlkeld Hall as having afforded an asylum to an illustrious fugitive, during the factions of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Wordsworth alludes to this incident in his poem of the "Waggoner."

" And see beyond the hamlet small,
The ruin'd towers of Threlkeld Hall,
Lurking in a double shade
By trees and lingering twilight made.
There at Blencathra's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford, from annoy
Conceal'd the persecuted boy.
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills."

The 'noble Clifford' here mentioned, was the only son of the Lord Clifford already referred to, whose cruel slaughter of the young Earl of Rutland, it ought to have been said, which has been so powerfully described by Shakspeare, and which obtained for him from the immortal dramatist, the epithet of the "ruthless Clifford," had increased against him the vehement hatred of the House of York.

On the death of his father the young lord was preserved in a remarkable manner from the furious soldiers of York, and removed hither, out of the way of a vigorous search made for him by his enemies.

Though he led the life of a shepherd among these mountains for the space of twenty-four years, having never learned, it is said, to read or write, Wordsworth found a tradition current in Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, that, in the course of his shepherd life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. This science he would seem to have further cultivated on his restoration to the estates and honours of his house, which took place in the first year of

the reign of Henry VII. It is recorded that "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court, and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." His peaceful way of life was not, however, allowed to pass altogether uninterrupted, for he was called to the war which ended in the battle of Flodden Field, after which victory he returned again to his favourite pursuits. Long after his death his memory was cherished by the people among whom he had lived, and his name kept in remembrance by the title of the "good Lord Clifford." In the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," Wordsworth has immortalized his memory.

"Now who is he that bounds with joy
 On Carrock's side, a shepherd-boy?
 No thoughts hath he, but thoughts that pass
 Light as the wind along the grass.
 Can this be he who hither came
 In secret, like a smothered flame?
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed,
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
 God loves the child, and God hath willed
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,
 The Lady's words when forced away
 The last she to her babe did say:
 'My own, my own, my fellow-guest
 I may not be, but rest thee rest,
 For lowly shepherd's life is best.

In him the savage virtues of his race,
 Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
 Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales and every cottage hearth;
 The shepherd lord was honoured more and more;
 And ages after he was laid in earth.
 The 'good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

Part of old Threlkeld Hall has long been tenanted as a farm house. On the opposite side of the river, not far from the farmstead of Guardhouse, are still apparent some dilapidated ruins of what is said to have been a watch tower belonging to the same hall.

At a short distance from Threlkeld, on the side next to Keswick, will be found, branching off to the right, a road which leads into, and traverses, the Vale of St. John's. The curious castle-like rock, which has given so wide a celebrity to the vale, stands on the left at its southern extremity, and was thus described by Hutchinson in an excursion to the Lakes so early as the latter part of the last century.

"We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass ground, which stretch up the risings of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and rugged battlements. We traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he proposes to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured that, if he advances, certain genii, who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural arts and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls.

"The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings—its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth: for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near changed

its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, dis-united from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John. The delusion afforded us matter of laughter till we descended towards the Vale of Keswick."

The resemblance which this rock bears to a fortification—at all times apparent—depends in some degree upon being viewed from a proper distance, and is more or less striking, as seen under a greater or less amount of refraction of the atmosphere. Sir Walter Scott, who seems to have had the above description before him, has made it the scene of his charming romance of "The Bridal of Triermain," from which we extract the following description of the rock, as it appeared to the charmed senses of King Arthur on his tour of knight errantry from Carlisle :—

" With toil the king his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of ST. JOHN,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sun-beams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The king drew up his charger's rein,
With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight
As dazzled with the level light,
And from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his case the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.
Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed,
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turret crown'd,
Buttress and rampire's circling bound,

And mighty keep and tower ;
 Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
 The Castle's massive walls had plann'd,
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power,
 Above the moated entrance slung,
 The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
 As jealous of a foe ;
 Wicket of oak as iron hard,
 With iron studded, clench'd and barr'd ;
 And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
 The gloomy pass below,
 But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round
 No warder stood his horn to sound,
 No guard beside the bridge was found,
 And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.
 Beneath the Castle's gloomy pride,
 In ample round did Arthur ride
 Three times ; no living thing he spied,
 Nor heard a living sound,
 Save, that awakening from her dream,
 The owlet now began to scream,
 In concert with the rushing stream,
 That wash'd the battled mound."

On the king's desertion of Guendolen the Castle disappears, as Lyulph's relation runs, for

" The monarch, breathless and amazed,
 Back on the fatal Castle gazed—
 Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
 Darkening against the morning sky ;
 But on the spot where once they frown'd,
 The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
 A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
 Fragments of rock and rifted stone."

The spell afterwards cast round the spot by the wizard Merlin is, however, overcome by the lengthened watchings

of Triermain, who gains an entrance and bears away his bride, when the magic halls melt away ; but, even now, the Poet tells his Lucy—

—“ that when a pilgrim strays
In morning mist or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of St. John.”

Having reached the head of the vale—a distance of about four and a half miles from Threlkeld—the high road leading between Ambleside and Keswick will be gained, and the return will run through the vale of Nathdale—forming an excursion in all of about thirteen miles.

VALE OF WATENDLATH.

A visit to this secluded valley, returning by way of Rosthwaite, through Borrowdale, forms a delightful excursion, which no admirer of mountain scenery in its milder and more savage aspects should fail to make ; the distance is about thirteen miles, and can only be performed on foot or on horseback. The road, as far as the entrance of the vale, will be found by referring to the map. The foot-path there shown crosses the stream, by means of a wood bridge, and leads over the hill to High Lodore. The approach to Watendlath is sometimes made, on foot, from the latter place along this path ; the grand scene of Derwentwater from the head of the Waterfall may then be included by turning to the left and following the stream, in its downward course, for a short distance. Supposing, however, the more regular approach by way of Barrow to be made, fine retrospective views of Lakes Derwent and Bassenthwaite, and intervening vale, will be afforded from Ashness Bridge, and again in front of Ashness farm-house. Soon after entering the wood beyond the latter, a deviation

of a few yards to the right of the road will reveal a stupendous scene from the precipice formed by Thrang Crag. One mile from this place Watendlath Vale is entered. The road winds up the middle of this vale for about a mile and a-half to the small hamlet of Watendlath, consisting of a few old-fashioned farm buildings, the occupants of which will gladly accord rest to the traveller before commencing the toilsome ascent of High Ladder Brow. While the reader is, therefore, enjoying a short breathing, we shall take the opportunity of laying before him a description of the scenery through which he has just passed, from the pen of Mr. Gilpin. No writer since his time, that we are aware of, has done a shadow of justice to Watendlath:—

“We fell into a piece of scenery which, for beauty and grandeur, was equal, if not superior, to anything we had yet seen. The form of this valley was very different from the valley of Borrowdale. The one led us through a winding route: the other is nearly a vista. Each hath its mode of grandeur. The valley of Borrowdale has more variety; but this is certainly the more majestic scene. The whole is only one vast effort. In point of immensity, indeed, it yields to the vista at the entrance, into Cumberland. It is not so vast a *whole*; but being contracted within a smaller compass, we examine its limits with more ease; and with regard to the variety and grandeur of the several objects, it loses nothing. Not only the design and composition, but the very strokes of Nature’s pencil might be traced through the whole scene; every fractured rock, and every hanging shrub, which adorned it, was brought within the compass of the eye: each touch so careless, and yet so determined: so wildly irregular; and yet all conducing to one whole.

“In most of the scenes we had passed, we were obliged to look for contrast in the different modes of desolation; but here barrenness was contrasted with all the tints of vegetation. We admire the ruins of a Roman Amphitheatre; but what are the most magnificent of the works of art, compared with such an amphitheatre as this? Were the

Coliseum itself brought hither, and placed within this area, the grandeur of the idea would be lost; and the ruin, magnificent as it is, would dwindle into the *ornament of a scene.*"

"Having bid adieu to the hospitable farmer and his family, cross the pretty rustic bridge over the outlet of the beautiful circular Tarn, or mountain lake, and ascend to the summit of the pass overlooking the valley of Borrowdale. A magnificent assemblage of mountains here rises in front, with the Pike of Scawfell, the highest of English mountains, as a centre. A steep and broken descent leads to the Valley of Rosthwaite, where there is a good inn for the accommodation of travellers. On the return homewards, Bowder Stone may well claim the attention of strangers. This massive body of rock stands on an elevated terrace of ground, a short distance from the road. It is sixty-two feet in length, thirty-six feet high, and measures in circumference eighty-nine feet; its weight has been computed at upwards of nineteen hundred tons. The most curious feature about it, however, is its peculiar position.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground
 A mass of rock, resembling as it lay
 Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
 A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
 Careless of winds and waves.

WORDSWORTH.

The summit of this rock may be gained by means of a ladder affixed to it for the use of strangers, from whence there is a fine view of the Borrowdale valley and mountains. The extensive slate quarries may next be visited, from which place the reader will soon reach the Village of Grange, where we will leave him to make his approach to Keswick along either shore of the lake.

GRAY'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Gray, printed in 1774, have become sufficiently scarce, to warrant a belief that the narrative of his visit to Keswick will not be unacceptable in this place. The map accompanying this volume will enable strangers to follow, in his footsteps, over every part of the ground he so minutely described in simple and unaffected language: while to those well acquainted with the present state of the district, in its roads, agricultural operations, and improved general aspect, these Letters cannot fail to be deeply interesting—to such the contrast must be striking. One or two notes have been added from later writers. Mason, the editor of Gray's works, says in reference to the Letters now under consideration, "It may not be amiss to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely-turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey *peculiar*, not *general*, ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Cumberland and Westmorland Lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers who are fond of what they call *fine writing*: yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view rather to inform than surprise: and if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will enhance their opinion of its intrinsic excellence; in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it."

Oct 2, 1769.—I set out at ten for Keswick, by the road we went in 1767; saw Greystoke Town and Castle to the right, which lie about three miles from Ullswater over the fells; passed through Penruddock and Threlkeld at the foot of Saddleback, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noon-

day sun, whilst its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of Guardhouse and Lowside, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages and meadows lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of St. John opening into it. Hill-top, the large though low mansion of the Gaskarths, now a farm house, seated on an eminence among woods, under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of Skiddaw and its Crib called Latter-rig; and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the Vale of Elysium, in all its verdure; the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the Parsonage, where I saw the sun in all its glory.

Oct 3.—A heavenly day: rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the grass was covered with a hoar frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke; crossed the meadows, obliquely catching a diversity of views among the hills, over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces. Left Cockshut (which we formerly mounted) and Castle-hill, a lofty and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Walla Crag, whose bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above four hundred feet (as I guess, though the people called it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld; opposite are the thick woods of Lord Egremont and Newland-Valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity

of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to show it is alive, with the white buildings of Keswick, Crosthwaite Church, and Skiddaw for a background in the distance. Behind you the magnificent heights of Walla Crag; here the glass played its part divinely, the place is called Carf Close Reeds ("Searf Close Bay") and I chose to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and easily find the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to Barrow-gate; and a little further, passing Barrow-beck, we entered Borrowdale; the Craggs named Lodore-banks begin now to impend terribly over your way, and more terribly when you hear that two years since, an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall, but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions: something farther we turned into a coppice, ascending a little in front of Lodore-waterfall; the height appeared to be about two hundred feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before. On one side a towering crag that spired up to equal, if not overtop the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness); on the other hand a rounder, broader projecting hill shagged with wood, and illuminated by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing away a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under Gowdar Crag, a hill more formidable to the eye, and to the apprehension, than that of Lodore; the rocks at top deep cloven perpendicularly, by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers. The whole way down, and the road on both sides, is strewn with

piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk ; the place reminds me of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan.* I took their counsel and walked on in silence.

The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, and holly, &c., some of it has been cut forty years ago, some within these eight years ; yet all is sprung again, green flourishing, and tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright : here we met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is now oat harvest) who conducted us to a neat white house in the Village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley ; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent, clear as glass, and shewing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-Crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left, and contracts its dimensions till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms ; among them appear Eagle's Cliff, Dove's Nest, Whitedale-pike, &c., celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to Scathwaite (where

* "The road along Barrow-side, on the margin of the lake, is open and narrow, yet safe. In approaching the ruins of Gowdar Crag, there is nothing of the danger remaining that Mr. Gray apprehended here ; the road being carefully kept open."—WEST. —Now one of the safest and most delightful carriage drives in the district."

lies the way mounting the hills to the right which leads to the Wad Mines); all further access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen; but these mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, "the reign of Chaos and Old Night;" only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Raven-glass, and the other to Hawkshead.

For me, I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keswick) at Grange; his mother and he brought us butter that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man that last year plundered the eagles' eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on such occasions, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridge, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of the rock on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hollaing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other, parent; but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn, that this species is the Erne, the Vulture *Albicilla* of Linnæus.

We returned leisurely home the way we came; but saw a new landscape; the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were entirely changed; take notice, this was the best, or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed; it was perfectly serene and hot as midsummer.

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow-park after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time; I wished for the moon but she was *dark to me and silent*,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Oct. 4.—I walked to Crow-park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot; and Smith judged right, when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees both grown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c., all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-Head (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the lake; for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive.* While I was here a little

* The *Picturesque Point* is always thus low in all prospects; a truth, which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this view from the lake itself, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on

shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the Parsonage* a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer style.†

Oct. 5.—I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent, and, crossing it, went up to How-Hill; it looks along Bassenthwaite Water, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake, with a full view of Skiddaw; then I took my way through Portinscale village to the Park, a hill so called, covered with wood; it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot, between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front rises Walla Crag and Castle-Head, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw and Saddleback. Returning, met a brisk and cold north-eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castlerigg, saw a Druid's circle of

Derwentwater, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.—MASON'S NOTES.

* Vicarage.—“Mr. Gray carried with him usually on these tours a plano-convex mirror, of about four inches diameter, on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book.—MASON'S NOTES.

† Whoever takes this view from Ormathwaite, in a field on the western side of the house, will be convinced of Mr. Gray's loss in want of information. The very spot he stood upon is in the centre of the foreground, and is a principal object in the pastoral part of the object he praises so highly.—WEST.

large stones, one hundred and eight feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect; they are fifty in number.

Oct. 6.—Went in a chaise eight miles along the east side of Bassenthwaite Water to Ouse bridge; the road in some parts made and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. Opposite to Withop brows, clothed with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays, and without islands. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upward, stands Armathwaite in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake; at a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keswick proverb, *the sun always shines*. The sky was overcast and the wind cool; so, after dining at a public-house, which stands here near the bridge, and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth hither, five miles, and is carrying on to Penrith. Several little showers to-day. A man came in, who said there was snow on Cross-fell this morning.

Oct. 7.—I walked in the morning to Crow-park, and in the evening up the Penrith road. The clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon shone at intervals. It was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious lichens, and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wad-mine was opened, which is done once in five years; it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible; when it is pure, soft, black, and close-grained, it is worth

sometimes thirty shillings a pound. There are no char ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Buttermere-water, which lies a little way north of Borrowdale, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and big (barley) here, which are now cutting and still on the ground. The rains have done much hurt: yet, observe, no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison. Excellent pike and perch, here called bass; trout is out of season; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8.—I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning, and about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Castlerigg, and, the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me,—the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, yet good country road, through sound but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad day light. This is the case about Causeway foot, and among Naddle Fells to Lanewaite. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down on Leatheswater (called also Thirlmere or Wythburn-water) and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass; it is narrow, and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, but not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen.

Next I passed by the little chapel of Wythburn, out of which the congregation were then issuing; soon after a beck near Dunmail-Raise, when I entered Westmorland a second time; and now began to see Helm-Crag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Lake; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with a parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.



Itinerary.

EXCURSIONS USUALLY MADE FROM KESWICK AS HEAD QUARTERS.

I.—THE LAND CIRCUIT OF DERWENT LAKE, INCLUDING BOWDER STONE:—

MILES.

2	To Barrow House and Cascade	.	.	2
1	— Lodore Hotel and Waterfall	.	.	3
1	— Village of Grange	.	.	4
1	— Bowder Stone	.	.	5
1	— Return to Grange	.	.	6
4½	— Portinscale	.	.	10½
1	— Keswick	.	.	11½

This forms one of the most delightful drives in the district, and ought to be supplementary to the circuit of the Lake by water. With the aid of our map strangers will have no difficulty in finding their way throughout the whole of their route. If the visit to Bowder Stone be omitted the distance will be reduced to nine and a-half miles.

II.—THE CIRCUIT OF BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.—

8	To Peel Wyke	8
1	— Ouse Bridge	9
1	— Castle Inn	10
3	— Bassenthwaite Sandbed	13
5	— Keswick	18

Much fine scenery observable throughout this excursion. After passing through the chapelry of Thornthwaite, the road enters Wythop Woods, and continues thence to skirt the western shore of the Lake to Ousebridge. West points out Beck-Wythop as a good station for a view of Skiddaw, which appears nowhere of such majestic height as from this place. A fine retrospective view will be obtained from Ousebridge. The return will from thence be through the fertile vale of Bassenthwaite.

III.—TO BUTTERMERE THROUGH NEWLANDS:—

1	To Portinscale	1
1 $\frac{1}{4}$	— Swinside	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
$\frac{3}{4}$	— Stair, a Woollen Manufactory	3
2 $\frac{1}{2}$	— Keskadale	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 $\frac{3}{4}$	— Newlands Hawse	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	— Inn at Buttermere	9

IV.—TO BUTTERMERE THROUGH BORROWDALE:—

6	To Rosthwaite	6
1 $\frac{3}{4}$	— Seatoller	7 $\frac{3}{4}$
2	— Summit of the Pass	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{3}{4}$	— Foot of Honistar Crag	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	— Gatesgarth	12
$\frac{1}{2}$	— Hasness	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	— Inn at Buttermere	14
9	— Return to Keswick	23

V.—TO SCALE HILL AND BUTTERMERE BY WHIN-
LATTER:—

2½	To Braithwaite Village	2½
2½	— Summit of Whinlatter	5
2	— Swinside	7
4	-- Scale Hill	11
4	— Buttermere	15
9	— Through Newlands to Keswick	24

VI.—WASTWATER BY BORROWDALE.—A TWO DAY'S
EXCURSION ON HORSEBACK:—

4	To Grange Bridge	4
2	— Rosthwaite	6
1½	— Seatoller Bridge	7½
1	— Seathwaite	8½
2½	— Styhead Tarn	11½
¾	— Styhead.	12
2	— Wastdale Head	14
1	— Head of Wastwater	15
1½	— Netherbeck Bridge	16½
3½	— Strand's Public House	20
4	— Gosforth.	24
3	— Calder Bridge	27

This Excursion is usually made with a guide and ponies. Excellent accommodation will be found at Calder Bridge, from which place the return on the second day will be by Ennerdale Bridge, Scale Hill, and Buttermere to Keswick—a like distance of twenty-seven miles.

VII.—TO PATTERDALE BY CARRIAGE ROAD.

4½	To Threlkeld	4½
6	Leave Penrith Road on the left	10½

5	To Dockray	15½
1½	Junction of the Keswick and Penrith Road at Lyulph's Tower	17
4	Inn at Patterdale	21

VIII.—TO PATTERDALE BY HORSE ROAD.

3	Leave Penrith Road on the left	3
1	Wanthwaite Mill	4
	Cross the road passing up St. John's Vale, and keep Hill Top on the left	
5	Over Threlkeld Pasture to Dockray	9
5½	Inn at Patterdale	14½

IX.—TO PATTERDALE BY FOOT PATH.

4½	Ambleside Road to Stainah	4½
¼	Stainah, on the left	5
1½	Highest part of the ascent of foot-path	6½
½	Greenside Lead Mines	7
3	Through Glenriddon to Penrith road	10
1½	Inn at Patterdale	11½

X.—ASCENT OF SADDLEBACK, OR BLENCATHRA, ON
HORSEBACK.

4	Threlkeld	4
1¼	High Row End	5¼
2½	Linthwaite Pike	7½
¼	Atkinson's Man	8
8	Return to Keswick	16

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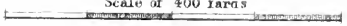
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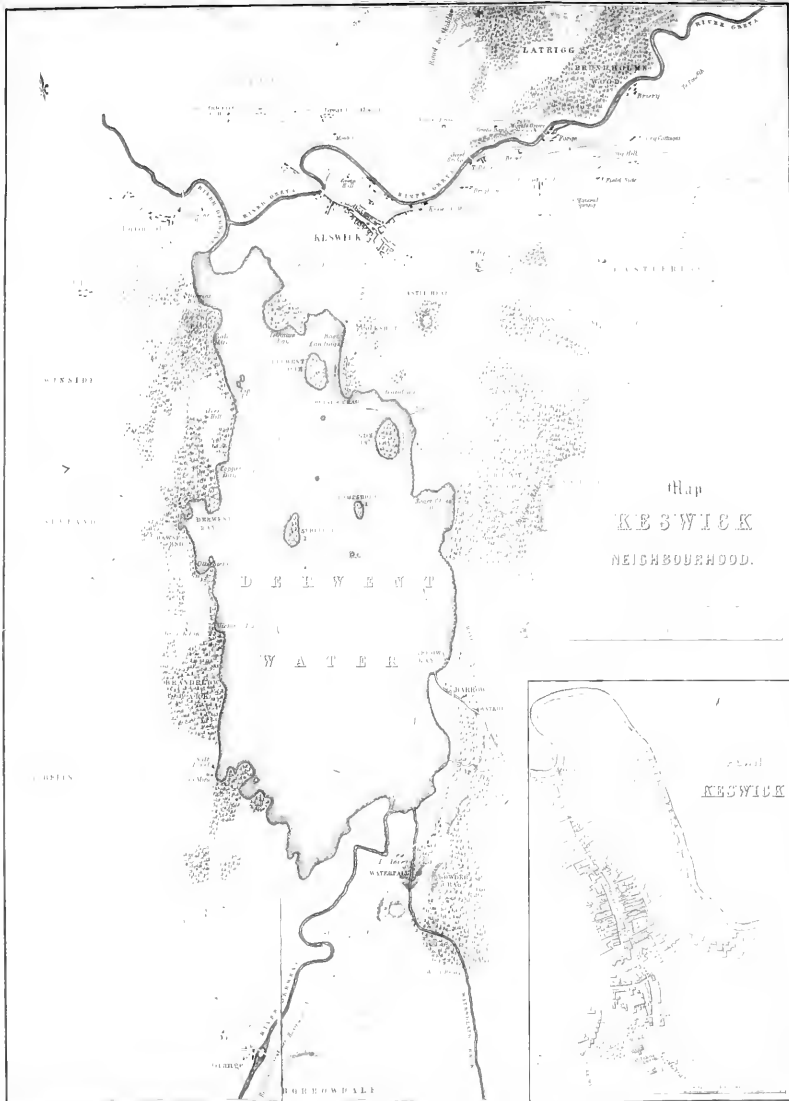


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Scale of 400 Yards



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Map
KEW WICK
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

KEW WICK



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YALK

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